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HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,

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[For The New York Saturday Press.]

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

The rain had fallen the whole day long
From hopeless clouds of an ashen-gray;
We had sung the last of an old love-song,
Each waiting to hear what the other would say.

We had played at chess for an hour or more,
She had mated me thrice, with an easy grace;
We had cards, and a game at battle-dore,
'Till we woke the echoes about the place.

I had traced her fortune along her hand,
She had pictured mine in the self-same way;
Her's I painted with hues of fairy-land,
She drew mine dark as a polar day.

We had read the poets, both old and new,
And pored over legends of wild romance:
How a handsome knight a dragon slew
With his strong right arm and his faithful lance.

We had tired of all, and had idly walked,
Her hand on my arm, up and down the room,
'Till she weary grew, when we sat and talked,
Like chattering birds, in the gathering gloom.

Then we sang a song, as I said before,—
An olden ballad of human love:
A castle that stood on a rocky shore,
A maiden as fair as a milk-white dove,

And a fearless lover who came to woo,
With an eloquent tongue and a soft guitar;
How he vowed to be faithful, fond, and true,
And swore by the Fates and the Evening-Star—

'Till the strain was over, and all was hushed,
When she raised to my face her full, brown eyes;
And I fancied then that her rose-cheek flushed
In my ardent gaze, like the sun-dyed skies.

It was all in vain I essayed to speak
The love that so close with my life was wed;
I felt in my heart that words were weak;
And the stately pose of her regal head

Made me pause ere yet I had quite begun,
Confused, bewildered, I scarce knew why,
As an eagle that flies too near the sun
Is dazzled, and staggers beneath the sky.

As she sat with her wine-red lips apart,
And her white hand idle upon the keys,
I'd have given worlds to have read her heart,—
I'd have gone thro' fire, or have stemm'd the seas.

She spoke: "You shall be the lover so bold,
And I the lady he came to woo;
This seat I will choose for my castle old;
You must feel the part, as the actors do."

Then she shaded with cork my beardless lip,
Which longed to salute her fingers fair;
She tied a sash on her delicate hip,
And placed a diamond-pin in her hair,

And looked like a princess of courtly mien,
As I knelt at her feet and touched the chords:
I sang of my heart to my heart's heart-queen,
But tremulous oft were the burning words.

So I flung the guitar I held aside,
And poured out my love like golden wine;
Her head drooped down on my breast to hide
The blush on her cheek as her hand sought mine.

Thus we sat 'till the daylight went to rest,
And the evening shadows began to fall,
When a sunbeam broke through the purpling West
In an amber glory upon the wall.

[*From The Knickerbocker for December.*]

THE MAN AT THE DOOR.

BY FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

How joyous to-day is the little old town,
With banners and streamers and that sort of thing:
They flutter on turrets and battlements brown,
And the ancient Cathedral is fine as a king.
The sexton a nosegay has put in his breast,
And his face is as bright as a Jericho rose
That, after a century's withering rest,
Unwrinkles its petals and suddenly blows.

The brown-breasted swallows aloft and alow,
Swoop faster and farther than ever before,
And I'm sure that the cock on the steeple will crow
When he hears from the city the jubilant roar.
The girls are as gay as a holiday fleet,
And ribbons are streaming from bosom and hair,
And they laugh in the face of each young man they meet.
And the young men reply with an insolent stare.

'Tis not without reason the old town is gay,
And banners and ribbons are reddening the air,
For beautiful Bertha will marry to-day
With gallant young Albert, the son of the Mayor.
He is brown as a nut from the hazels of Spain:
Her face, like the twilight, is pensive and sweet;
As they march hand in hand thro' the murmuring lane,
Low blessings, like flowers, fall unseen at their feet.

While they sweep like twin barks through the waves of the crowd,
A story is falling from many a tongue
Of the young Gipsy Prince who a year ago bowed
At the shrine where a hundred their passion had sung.
And how Bertha heaped scorn on his love and his race,
How she flung in the street the rich presents he sent,
Until he with the hatred of hell in his face,
Went sullenly back to his tribe and his tent.

Soon all stories are hushed in a gathering roar,
And the people sway back like the ebb of a tide,
And the rosy old sexton stands by the church-door,
To merrily welcome the bridegroom and bride:
But his glee is so great that he does not behold
The tall man that stands near the pillar hard by,
Nor the flash of the dagger that's hafted with gold,
Nor the still keener flash of the lowering eye.

On they come, and the sexton bows low to the ground,
The bride smiles a welcome, the bells ring a chime,
While a grand acclamation in surges of sound
Thrills up through the sky like a sonorous rhyme.
They are under the porch—when one dash through the crowd,
One flash of a dagger—one shriek of despair,
And Bertha falls dead; while stern-faced and proud,
The swarthy-skinned Prince of the Gipsies is there!

How sombre to-day is the little old town,
With mourning and sables and funeral display;
Long weepers are hanging from battlements brown,
And the ancient Cathedral is haggard and gray.
The sexton a white rose has put in his breast,
While his face is as blank as a snow-laden sky,
Bertha and Albert have gone to their rest,
' the Prince of the Gipsies is swinging on high.

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

THE CONFESSIONS OF A BARBER.

BY ELKANAH DEMOCRITUS GIBSON, ESQ.

> INFANDUM RENOVARE DOLOREM.—*Virgil.*
>
> —si neque tibias
> Euterpe cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
> Lesboum refugit tendere barbiton.
> Quodsi me lyricis vatibus inseres,
> Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.—*Horat.*

CHAPTER I.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

"Some men are born great; some men achieve greatness; and some have greatness thrust upon them."

In the far North of England, where mid the mists and tempestuous Winters of an uncongenial and unenervating clime, men quick in conception, prompt in daring, patient to endure, and eager to succeed, are nourished, I, Elkanah Democritus Gibson, Esquire, was born in the first day of my eventful life.

In future ages, or when, as I trust at no far distant period, I shall have mingled my dust with that of my mother earth, let no rival cities contend for the poor honor of having given birth to so unworthy a son as I am. For I was born of my mother, the wife of my father, who was a good enough man, and a tinkerer, in the city of Edinburgh.

It is perhaps fitting that I, the unrecognized adventurer, who in my capacity as a barber should have drawn the keen and glittering edge of the razor over the rough chins of so many distinguished men; that I, who have trained into graceful shape the young and irregular beards of so many youthful aspirants for hirsute distinction; that I, who have manipulated the wild luxuriance of so many heads of hair, and by judicious application of the pruning scissors, or the modulating curling-tongs, have evolved the grace of hyacinthine locks from what before was a tangled mass of unkempt hair, should have first seen the light in Edinburgh. For the intelligent reader will remember Edinburgh as the spot where that *Review* first started into being, which, with the keen edge of satire, shaved the fame of many a pretentious magnate in literature, or with the kind sympathy of praise and the friendly application of rebuke, trained the genius, and modulated the exuberance of many a youthful aspirant for distinction in the literature of the British Empire.

In my early boyhood, my father,—with that want of recognition and disregard for the indications of a youthful mind, which my subsequent studies of life and literature have shown me, are the most striking characteristics of those who stand in the physically parental relation to genius,—desired, or rather insisted, that I should bury my tonsorial talents in the dull mechanic trade of tinkering.

The brilliant rainbow of hope which, already projected by the bright light of eager desire from the dreary rain of grief and poverty, stood ever before me spanning with its glorious arch the distant future, and exciting me on to the brilliant land of promise which youthful [illegible] spread out, in my imagination, under its gorgeous and evanescent hues.

Against his tinkering intentions I therefore rebelled.

Already, in the language of the youthful Norval, 'I had heard of battles, and I longed to follow to the field some warlike lord.'

I had already dreamed of being a Barber.

Already in imagination I had stropped the keen razor to a hair-cutting edge, and grasping tenderly but firmly the uninsulted nose of some great patron, I had engaged with him in sportive converse, and gathered the chance dropping of his experience, while I wiped from my glittering but innocuous weapon the snowy lather flecked with the trophy of his beard.

It seemed to me a sin against the longings of my nature, to confine my cheerful spirits in a dull tinker's shop.

These hands seemed formed to manipulate the heads of greatness, instead of tinkering the pots of poverty.

Genius is always a law unto itself.

While, in the material world, time and tide wait for no man, in the spiritual world the great man makes his own times, and raises the tides which shall bear him on to fortune.

Genius is creative; and to the creative majesty of man all things are possible.

The system of philosophy which accounts for the difference of the material forms in nature, by the differences of desire in the spirits they enfold, though sufficiently refuted to a vulgar mind by the objection that no amount of longing to swim would change a hen into a duck, finds no such response in the thought or life of one of nature's children, who is born to lead the ecstatic and sad life of daring which belongs to genius.

In the bright lexicon of faith which hope holds forth to enthusiastic youth, there is no such word as fail.

I became a Barber.

The ties of family; the early associations of youth; the sweet memories of childhood; the tender regard for parental anxiety; all these restraints I rudely cast aside, and guided by the star of fortune, with my bundle on my back and three shillings English in my pocket, I slipped quietly away from my father's house early one Summer morning and bent my steps toward London.

As a glittering and glorious iceberg slips slowly down with the ocean currents, from its home in the far North, until, dissolved by the tropic heats of the equator, it becomes slowly diffused and lost in the wide waste of the Southern seas, thus did the cloud-capped glories of my youthful dream of fame become slowly merged into the dull greyness of poverty and want, by the time I arrived, foot sore and wearied, by my long journey from provincial Edinburgh to the little world of London.

There for some three days I wandered, hungry and penniless, about the streets of London.

Dazzled by the splendor of the barber-shops, I feared to enter the doors of those gilded and refulgent shrines of luxury.

At length, however, forced by the imminent risk of starvation, I made bold to enter the boutique kept by Savori di Pomati, in —— street, and tender him my services.

Attracted, as he afterwards confessed to me, by the daring gleam of genius in my eye (I believe that it was only the eager look of hunger), he entered into conversation with me, and finding that I had an ambition, engaged me for a shop-boy.

Here then I was launched upon my career.

I asked and received a shilling, with which I repaired to the nearest vendor of cheap but savory viands, whence I soon returned, filled to repletion with the satisfying and inexpensive prandial preparation known to commerce as pork-pie.

Never to Heliogabolus himself, in his halls of luxury, did the costly feast of peacock's tongues, with all the surroundings of luxurious service and voluptuous beauty, thrill so exquisitely upon the nerves of taste, as did that humble feast, partaken in a somewhat dirty cellar, from a cheap deal plate, tintilate my palate and satisfy the craving of those organs, without whose aid the grandest visions of poesy and the sublimest dreams of philosophy fade away into nothingness, and never bless this dull earth with their presence.

Here then I call upon all who are interested in my fortunes to greet me at the entrance of my great career.

With Signor Pomati, who was as genuine a specimen of the beef-nourished Englishman as I ever saw, I acquired an insight into those mysteries of the tonsorial art which make the barber's shop a refuge from the world of care, and the chairs therein the thrones from which the o'ertaxed but relaxed mind wanders at the bidding of the operator through the flowery paths of gossip or the thorny ways of scandal.

It was there that I increased in years and waxed in experience, until I arrived at the dignity of my first shave, a momentous moment, the details of which I will dignify by reserving for the fitting honor of the next chapter.

[*From the Independent.*]

NAPLES.—1860.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT C. WATERSTON, OF BOSTON.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

[In introducing this beautiful poem to our readers, we take the liberty of mentioning, without the author's permission, that a lovely girl of seventeen, HELEN WATERSTON, daughter of Rev. Mr. Waterston, of Boston, and granddaughter of the venerable Josiah Quincy, lies buried in the Protestant Cemetery at Naples. A verse of our poet's is on her tombstone:

> "Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,
> And let her henceforth be
> A messenger of love between
> Our human hearts and thee."

Eds. Independent.]

I give thee joy!—I know to thee
The dearest spot on earth must be,
Where sleeps thy loved-one by the Summer sea.

Where, near her sweetest poet's tomb,
The land of Virgil gave thee room
To lay thy flower with her perpetual bloom.

I know that when the sky shut down
Behind thee on the gleaming town,
On Baiæ's baths and Posilippo's crown;

And, through thy tears, the mocking day
Burned Ischia's mountain-lines away
And Capri melted in its sunny bay,

Through thy great farewell-sorrow shot
The sharp pang of a bitter thought
That slaves must tread around that holy spot.

Thou knowest not the land was blest
In giving thy beloved rest,
Holding the fond hope closer to her breast.

That every sweet and saintly grave
Was freedom's prophecy, and gave
The pledge of Heaven to sanctify and save.

That pledge is answered. To thy ear
The unchained city sends its cheer
And, turned to joy, the muffled bells of fear.

Ring Victor in. The land sits free
And happy by the Summer sea,
And Bourbon Naples now is Italy!

She smiles above her broken chain
The languid smile that follows pain,
Stretching her cramp'd limbs to the sun again.

O, joy for all, who hear her call
From Camaldoli's convent wall
And Elmo's towers to freedom's carnival!

A new life breathes among her vines
And Olives, like the breath of pines,
Blown downward from the breezy Apennines.

Lean, O my friend, to meet that breath,
Rejoice as one who witnesseth
Beauty from ashes rise and life from death!

Thy sorrow shall no more be pain,
Its tears shall fall in sunlit rain
Writing the grave with flowers: 'Arisen again!'

[*From the London Saturday Review.*]

SENTIMENTAL WRITING.

There is nothing which so much offends against the taste of an educated gentleman as a second-rate sentimentalism. There is nothing, on the other hand, so refreshing as to be able to betake ourselves, from the specimens of it that are so common now-a-days, to the works of those great sentimental humorists whose pages appear as fresh as ever, despite all the years which separate us from them. Placed by their side, the efforts of most of our modern writers seem nothing more than sorry tricks for drawing tears which ought never to be drawn, and raising within us emotions frequently disproportionate to—frequently unworthy of—the occasion. If, indeed, ephemeral success were the true test of literary excellence, our modern authors might be considered consummate artists. It is something, no doubt, to be able to touch the hearts of a great number of one's fellow-creatures. Popular sentimentality, like popular preaching, is a proof of a certain power. But a popular sentimentalist stands to the true master of his art as a rhetorician to a true orator. He affects us, perhaps, and powerfully affects us, but we repent the next moment that we have been conquered by an artifice, and are justly indignant with him and with ourselves. When Mr. Thackeray sighs over his youth as it seems to slip away from him, when Mr. Dickens drops a tear over a consumptive infant's grave, we sigh with the one, and we mourn with the other; for both have a charm with which they fascinate us, and are proficients in the science of softening unwary souls. But we close the book with a feeling that we have been betrayed into a weakness. We blush as we lay it down, for we are conscious that, so far as we have been moved, it has been at the sacrifice of some slight portion of self-respect. When the fit has passed, we take it up again, and wonder at the slightness of the pathos that so stirred us, and, if we are tempted again to succumb, we steel ourselves against the hallucination. This is but the music of the Sirens, we say—let us close our ears.

That a writer succeeds in touching us is, then, no proof that he is a real artist. Many passions and affections agitate a man which are either intrinsically bad or absolutely spurious. Much painting that seems pathetic enough is not real painting, has no permanent truth, and loses its force when the influence which overcame us is exhibited in its true colors. Few things are more thoroughly an index of a cultivated mind than the way in which it is able to master itself in the presence of fictitious sentiment, and to distinguish it from genuine. Self-control is as valuable an element in mental as it is in moral strength. It is less the gift of nature than of habit. It comes to us after a course of discipline and training, and is not acquired on a sudden. Just as an unformed moral character is swayed to and fro by gusts of passion which would never for one moment ruffle a strong man, an unformed taste is at the mercy of the first pathetic mannerist who practises upon it. Indeed, the connection between moral and intellectual weakness is considerable. We may be sure that the man who is so lightly influenced by fictitious sorrow has some great feebleness at bottom. He who is affected over-much at the sight of alien passion is likely to be passion-tossed himself by little passions. This inferior sentimentalism is of two kinds—it is either excessive in degree, or absolutely bad. Either it affects us in an improper way, or it affects us when we ought not to be affected at all. The false sentimentalist is so full of his subject that he forgets the dignity of his readers, who, if they are men, will not choose to be more than dignified spectators of the [illegible] drama. He is unmanned himself, and wishes them to be unmanned as well. Perhaps he chooses a theme which, compared with the great realities around us, is so trivial or unsubstantial that it does not deserve to be invested with pathos. Looking on life, he is quite overwhelmed at the thought of all its little sorrows. He has the familiarity to ask us to let ourselves be overwhelmed too. Perhaps he asks for more feeling than we are lawfully entitled to give, and then he tries to wring it from us by surprise. Yet why should we yield to a prodigality of sentiment in the case of others, which reason and self-control would prohibit were the case our own? It is true the author does what he does on a plea which at first seems plausible. He bases his appeal on the argument of our common humanity. Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto. This is the text which he rides, so to speak, to death.

It is true that we have all much in common; but what we have most in common is this—that we are all isolated. Man is more than a combination of passions common to his kind. Beyond them and behind them, an inner life, whose current we think we know within us, flows on in solitary stillness. It lies deep beneath all flashes on the surface. Just as the fancy of men in dreams traverses earth and heaven but cannot get away from one heavy weight—the presence of a self, one centre round which all revolves—so is the solitude of self the only tangible idea we can assign to it. Habits change, convictions alter, even tastes die away. But the soul, by a mysterious exercise of its own vitality, moves on from phase to phase, from gloom to sunshine, from faith to weakness, from activity to repose. Friendship itself has nothing in common with this dark sensibility, so repellent and so forbidding—much less may a stranger penetrate to these untrodden shores. It is to this feeling of individuality that the highest art appeals; and therefore the pleasure that we take in it is a painful pleasure. It is pleasant, because it reaches to the hidden springs of our nature—it is painful, because the sense of these hidden springs is bitter.

This consciousness of separation form the world—this conviction, not only of our own, but of other men's dignity—true sentimentalism conciliates. A great sentimentalist knows the feeling of himself, and respects it in others. He is not hail-fellow-well-met with us over his grief. He does not wish that we should do more than listen to his story as grave strangers listen to a melancholy history. A great writer comes, and with a touch of his genius shows us the whole world as kin. Does he try to break down the natural barriers between us and it? On the contrary, he recognises to the full the great fact of our necessary isolation. But he shows us that we have this in common with the rest—that we are all isolated. He touches a chord which renders us sensible that our fellow-men have an individuality like ours, and that none of the many hearts that beat around us is without its secret sanctuary. There is nothing obtrusive or profane in his pathos. He does not offend us by insisting that his hero's griefs are to affect us more than [illegible] a child's death, or forget ourselves in the sorrows of a courtesan. He handles us more delicately, with more reserve, with more consideration. Perhaps he takes an iron hard-cast man, and by some profoundly human touch, some turn of a sentence, or some fine and exquisite revelation, he shows us, or suggests to us, that in this man lies a hidden life—mysteries of tenderness and weakness of which we know nothing, and over which true reverence will draw a veil. As he does not subordinate too much the individuality of his readers to his characters, so neither will he subordinate the individuality of any of his characters too much to that of the hero. He feels that each is a being orbed and rounded in himself. In Shakspeare we understand that Hamlet may die, but that the earth will go on nearly as well without him—Young Fortinbras will be the new King of Denmark—the Ambassadors will return to England—and Horatio and Marcellus keep watch and ward again some night before the castle, and have their tales to tell, in their old age, of what they have seen. And, though Othello and Desdemona lie dead side by side, yet we have a distant view of Iago tortured and Gratiano enriched; and in the far background we catch a glimpse of the Senate waiting to hear the news. And justly so, for Gratiano is a man no less than Othello, and so is Ludovico, and so are the senators; and we who watch the passion of the plot are men like them: and, though we are spectators, and sad spectators, of the tragedy, we are not to be completely absorbed in it, but to stand aloof and to look on the scene as the Oceanitides looked on the sufferings of Prometheus. For it is worthy of remark that great dramatists never allow us to fall into such abandonment of emotion as to forget that our central position is not that of actors, but of spectators. Over and above the life-like humanity which they gravely throw into each part, and which makes us see that each actor has his own point of view from which the drama may be witnessed, they continually remind us—by the introduction of some strange and quaint figure in the background, a clown perhaps, or a grave-digger, who stands like a cloaked and independent observer of the play—that all human interest is not exhausted in the interest of the action. So far from seeking to rob us of our individuality, they are forever recalling us to a sense of it.

Thus, a true sentimentalist is, above all things, a true gentleman. He does not presume upon his opportunity. We do not feel inclined, when we are with him, to say, 'Stand back!—a little further off!—more ceremony!' He consults our sensitiveness—our pride—if we choose to call it so. He does not take it for granted that we are all to be friends over a funeral—or that he is to hob and nob with us because we are inclined to be sad. There is no objectionable familiarity in Shakspeare or in Sterne. We are not called upon to be on intimate terms with Hamlet, or even with Falstaff, or with Corporal Trim. They are all like the portraits in an old picture-gallery—silent and reserved men at bottom, whatever expression their features may assume, whether merry or mournful. In the midst of the wildest gaiety or the deepest grief, though we may partake to an infinite degree in their humor, we know that we are strangers after all. We take no liberties with them, and they take no liberties with us. But when Mr. Dickens is pert, or Mr. Thackeray arch, we think, and think rightly, that we have some cause to be indignant. The great cause why modern humor and modern sentimentalism repel us is, that both are unwarrantably familiar.

VANITIES FROM 'VANITY FAIR.'

The War of the Creeds.

"Allah is great!" exclaims the Turk,
In love of his Creator;
"But," cries the Christian, with a smirk,
"Sure Allah mode is greater!"

Street Item.

Are the ladies aware when getting into an omnibus, that if there are no chaps on the sidewalk looking at them, that there are 'felloes' in the wheels?

[*From the Southern Literary Messenger for December.*]

THE PIGEON PRIZE;

OR, VARIATIONS ON A PARADOX.

Translated from the French of Dumas the Younger,

BY A. B. PETICOLAS, M.D.

I.

On the 15th of September, 1837, at eight o'clock in the morning, the postman entered a house in the rue Meslay, one of the quietest streets in Paris, although it traverses the noisiest of quarters. Placing a letter on the poster's table with one hand, while extending the other to receive the postage, he grimly said:

—Monsieur Lebrun? Three sous.

—There are your three sous, replied the porteress, putting the letter in the pigeon-hole of the tenant to whom it was addressed. . . . .

Who was M. Lebrun, and what were the contents of this letter? These are the questions. M. Lebrun was a stout man, aged about forty-five years, who had accumulated a small fortune as a linen-draper. He once possessed a wife, and still owned a daughter. This begins to explain why M. Lebrun got a letter. M. Lebrun was ugly, but his daughter was a beauty; M. Lebrun was an ass, but his daughter was bright; M. Lebrun was chunky, but his daughter was clever; M. Lebrun was selfish, but his daughter had a soul. And in spite of all his faults, to use a vulgar simile, Mademoiselle Lebrun made M. Lebrun follow his nose.

When M. Lebrun's maid-of-all-work came down to do the day's marketing, the porter's wife handed over the letter she had received. The former, in turn, transmitted it to her master, who, seated at his desk, clothed in a robe-de-chambre of palm leaf, an imitation of Cashmere, was himself writing letters.

M. Lebrun, as we have already stated, had long been engaged in business, and while so engaged, conducted his own correspondence. Four years since M. Lebrun had retired from business, yet no day passed without the penning of four or five letters. What he wrote no one could read. Still, as everything was conducted with an air of vast importance, his satisfaction remained complete.

M. Lebrun had even invented a phrase, in this connection, of which he was proud, and which he often repeated in accompaniment to a self-complacent grin:

—I know when I shall die, he would say.

—When will you die?

—I shall die on the evening of the day I cease to write.

As we said before, M. Lebrun was at his desk, and, in order the more clearly to decipher his own figures, had raised his spectacles to his forehead, for, as you have perhaps often remarked, when a man who uses spectacles, wishes to see distinctly, he either elevates them to the middle of his forehead or depresses them to the tip of his nose, that he may look either over or under them. I have frequently noticed this fact, and have therefore concluded that only those who are pursued by the police, and who wish to avoid recognition, force themselves to eye the world through glasses.

By the oddest chance Julia was with her father, when the maid brought the letter given her by the porteress. It is as well perhaps to state that Julia was the name of Mademoiselle Lebrun. We say by the most remarkable chance, since, usually, Julia did not rise before ten o'clock, breakfasting at eleven. A slight blush, which suffused her cheeks, when she saw the inscription on the letter her father was about to open, would perhaps have indicated to an observer, supposing one to have been present, that this matutinal letter was no stranger to the chance causing Julia to rise at eight o'clock A. M.

We have stated that Julia was charming. We will endeavor to prove this statement. She was of medium height, with a fine, transparent skin, a delicate rose complexion, blue eyes, white teeth, plump neck and shoulders, slender waist, a nicely turned ankle and a pretty foot.

O, beneficent mystery of Nature, or of civilization, who so kindly bestows pretty daughters upon ugly fathers, may'st thou be blest without discussion, and thy gifts accepted without critical inquisition!

—Hold! cried M. Lebrun, inspecting the address of the letter in question, I am unacquainted with this handwriting, and M. Lebrun leaned back in his morocco-covered arm-chair. Gnawing the ends of his fingers, he continued to study the superscription of the letter.

—Open, father, and you will soon learn who wrote it, suggested Julia.

—You are right, remarked the father, detaching the seal.

We prefer the expression detaching to breaking, because M. Lebrun was one of those men who believe that every word in a letter is of equal importance, and who does not tear but carefully peels off the envelope, so as not to lose in his precipitation, a single part of speech, whose absence might destroy, for him, the whole sense of the mission, or, at least, the meaning of the sentence to which it belonged.

—Ah! It is from M. Leon, said M. Lebrun, skipping at once to the signature.

—Ah! indeed, exclaimed Julia.

—What can this fine gentleman have to say to me? Let us see; and M. Lebrun began to read aloud—

"SIR:

"You will doubtless regard my note singular and my request bold."

—What magnificent penmanship!—what a splendid book-keeper the fellow would make! ejaculated M. Lebrun.

Unfortunately he is not one. Let us continue.

"And my request bold," repeated M. Lebrun, dragging heavily in the words. "But I can no longer resist the impulses of my heart. I prefer being slain by your refusal to being killed by doubt."

—What does all this mean?

—Continue, father.

The linen-draper resumed his reading.

"I love your daughter, and Mademoiselle Julia loves me."

M. Lebrun nearly sprung out of his chair at this sentence.

—He loves you and you love him! screamed he. Do I see aright?

—Yes, father.

—You acknowledge it?

—My mother doated on you. I adore M. Leon.

—That's true, but I was a merchant.

—Well, father, replied Julia, if that was the cause of my mother's love for you, the opposite reason accounts for my loving M. Leon.

—But what does he want?

—He wants my hand.

—He may well characterise that as a bold request. How do you know he wants your hand?

—Because he told me yesterday he would write to ask it of you to-day.

—Then you have met clandestinely?

—Yes, father.

—Often?

—Very often.

—Oho!!

—He swore he would love me forever.

—And you replied——

—My love would only terminate with my existence.

—And when did all this occur?

—While I presided at your table.

—What! All this passed under my very eyes?

—The whole of it.

—And I saw nothing?

—You couldn't possibly see anything, my dear father, because you invariably wore your spectacles.

—Enough, growled M. Lebrun, rising and folding the letter without designing to complete its perusal. Enough, Miss. You must go back to school.

—What shall I do there? demanded Julia, in a tone proving her not to be scared by her father's threats, and showing that she felt sure of her game.

—You must remain there until I can find you a husband.

—Of your choosing, papa?

—Of my selection.

—Ah! papa, I would not marry him.

—You would not marry him?

—No, papa.

—Why not?

—Because he would not be M. Leon.

—You must have M. Leon, then?

—Yes, papa.

—You will have no one else?

—No, papa.

—And you believe I will consent to this marriage?

—Yes, papa.

—I am going straight to tell M. Leon that he must never again set foot in my house.

—O! I shall see him all the same.

—How, I should like to know?

—From my window; and I will write to him, too.

—You will write to him, will you? And what will you write, pray?

—That I love him—that you are a tyrant, and that when I become of age I will marry him in spite of you.

—And where did you imbibe such fine principles?

—I read them.

—In what book?

—In the Code.

—In the Code! Who would have imagined that this tabernacle of the rights of man and of the laws of society could include such abominable doctrines?

—You will find them in Article 227; chap., Rights of Infants and Adults.

—Do you know what your dowry is to be when you marry?

—Yes sir, sixty thousand francs.

—I will suppress your dowry.

—You cannot. It was mother's fortune. On the attainment of my majority, you will be forced to account for it. Art. 86, chap. Titles.

—And who told you such things could be found in the Code?

—M. Leon.

—You are aware, father, that he knows all things.

—Yes. And, as a compensation, I know he possesses nothing.

—No matter, he will make a fortune.

—Never!

—You have already said so yourself.

—I?

—I have heard you a thousand times compliment him on his splendid education, deducing augury therefrom of a glorious future. Come now, my dear father, sit down and let us reason together.

M. Lebrun reseated himself with Julia on his knee.

—You love me dearly, do you not? said the young girl, while adjusting the tie of her father's cravat.

—Yes. And it is solely because—

—You do love me, that you object to my marrying M. Leon. Is it not so? Well, father, all I have to say is that this marriage must take place.

—Positively no. M. Leon has nothing. You cannot be happy with an income of three thousand livres (admitting that you can always get 5 per cent. for your sixty thousand francs, a difficult matter to average permanently). You cannot have my fortune of one hundred thousand francs until after my death. And, thank heaven! I enjoy good health. You, therefore, need a husband who can cover your dowry with sixty thousand francs of his own.

—M. Leon will soon make the requisite sum.

—When he has made it, there will be time enough to talk of what is to be done.

—If you had finished reading the letter you might have saved yourself the trouble of flying into a passion, and we should have understood one another at once.

—You know then the remainder of the letter?

—Certainly. Since I have a copy in my pocket.

—O! what demons are daughters!

—M. Lebrun reopened the letter and began to read: "My only ambition is to become your daughter's husband. This is the sole object of my life. But I desire she should be happy. And she can only be so under circumstances furnishing the means to satisfy her wants and gratify her caprices. You are aware of the liberality of my education, and you know that science and art offer extended resources to their professors. Grant me but a year's delay. I will immediately set to work, sustained by the hope of a fortunate result, and at the termination of the year I shall come to claim the hand of Mademoiselle Julia. For during this term, should I meanwhile have to live without food or sleep, I shall have amassed at least 60,000 francs. 'Labor improbus omnia vincit.'"

—What's the meaning of that?

—It means that persistent striving will overcome all obstacles.

—You understand Latin, then?

—Yes, papa.

—You understand Latin?

—Yes. M. Leon taught me that we might be able to correspond in a language you could not comprehend—but finish the letter.

"If in a year," read M. Lebrun, who did not choose to revert to the question of his daughter's Latin, "I have not succeeded, you shall then, sir, be at liberty to bestow the hand of Mademoiselle Julia on some more fortunate individual. I shall only reserve to myself the privilege of death."

—Well what do you say, father?

—It seems reasonable.

—You consent, then?

I suppose I must, since you wish it.

—In one year, then, you will accord my hand to M. Leon?

—If in one year he has gained and will fetch me fifty thousand francs.

—He'll get them—I may therefore announce to him the good news and bid him come and thank you.

—What?

—He is waiting in the street below for your reply.

—Have you seen him?

—I know he is there. He told me yesterday that he would be in the street at nine o'clock and it is just striking nine.

Julia ran to the window and opened it. Rapidly retracting her elevated forefinger in the direction of her eyes, two or three times, she succeeded in a gesture known in all countries to mean 'come.' He to whom

[CONCLUDED ON THE FOURTH PAGE.]

The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending December 15, 1860.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

POETRY.

Poems. By the late Rev. William Croswell, D.D. Edited with a Biographical Sketch, by the Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, D.D. Boston : Ticknor & Fields.

Poems. By Rose Terry. 75 cents. 12mo. Boston : Ticknor & Fields.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Conduct of Life. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. 12mo. $1. Boston : Ticknor & Fields.

Contributions to the Natural History of the United States of America. By Louis Agassiz. Volume III. 4to. 26 Plates. $12. Boston : Little, Brown & Co.

A Practical Treatise on Coal, Petroleum, and other Distilled Oils. By A. Gesner. Illustrated. 8vo. $1 50. New York : Bailliere Brothers.

A Compendium of Human Histology. Translated and edited with copious Notes. By Dr. W. H. Van Buren. Illustrated. 8vo. $3. New York : Bailliere Brothers.

ENGLISH.

RELIGIOUS.

Sunday : its Origin, History, and Present Obligations. Being the Bampton Lectures for 1860. By Rev. J. A. Hessey, D.C.L. 8vo. 14s. London : J. Murray.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

The Personal History of Lord Bacon, from unpublished Letters and Documents. By W. Hepworth Dixon. 8vo. London : J. Murray.

Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, Minister of Inveresk. Containing Memorials of the Men and Events of his Times. With a Portrait from a Painting by David Martin. 14s. London : W. Blackwood & Son.

The Wits and Beaux of Society. By Grace and Philip Wharton, authors of The Queens of Society. 2 vols. cloth. 21s. With 16 Illustrations from Drawings by H. K. Browne and James Godwin, engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. London : J. Hogg & Son.

HISTORICAL.

Journal of what Passed in the Temple Prison during the Captivity of Louis XVI., King of France. By M. Clery, the King's Vallet, 1798. Fcap 8vo. 2s. 6d. London : J. Blackwood.

The Archer and the Steppe ; or, the Empire of Scythia : a History of Russia and Tartary from the Earliest Ages until the Fall of the Mongul Power in Europe in the middle of the sixteenth Century. By C. L. Johnstone. Crown 8vo. plates. 10s. 6d. London : J. Blackwood.

Sketches of Early Scottish History. By Cosmo Innes, F.S.A., Professor of History in the University of Edinburgh. 1. The Church; its Old Organization, Parochial and Monastic ; 2. Universities ; 3. Family History. 1 vol. 8vo. London : Hamilton, Adams & Co.

History of the United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Synod of Dort, with a full view of the English-Dutch struggle against Spain, and of the origin and destruction of the Spanish Armada. By J. Lothrop Motley. Portraits. 2 vols. 8vo. London : J. Murray.

Supplementary Despatches of the Duke of Wellington. Volume VII.—The Peninsula. 8vo. 20s. London : J. Murray.

The Debates on the Grand Remonstrance, 1641 ; with an Introductory Essay on English Freedom under Plantagenet and Tudor Sovereigns. By John Forster. Post 8vo. 12s. London : J. Murray.

Speeches of the Managers and Counsel in the Trial of Warren Hastings. Edited by E. A. Bond, Assistant Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum. Printed for H. M.'s Stationery Office, and published by authority of the Lords Commissioners of H. M.'s Treasury. To be completed in one more Volume. Volume I., II., III. 20s. each. London : Longman.

The History of Christianity in India, from the commencement of the Christian Era. By the late Rev. Jas. Hough, M.A. Edited by his son, Rev. T. G. P. Hough, M.A. Volume 5. 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d. London : J. Nisbet & Co.

POETRY.

New Readings of Homer. Crown 8vo. cloth. 2s. 6d. A Tale of Troy Divine. London : J. Blackwood.

Telemachus. By Archbishop Fenelon. Translated into English blank verse. By Rev. J. L. Ross. Crown 8vo. cloth. 7s. 6d. London : J. Blackwood.

The Prophet Enoch ; or, The Sons of God and the Sons of Men. A Poem. By James Barton Robertson. 5s. London : James Blackwood.

A Spring Morning's Dream with Somniloquence and Egeiromen. A New Poem. By Joseph Hambleton. 6s. 6d. London : Kent & Co.

FICTION.

The World's Furniture. A Novel. 3 vols. London : C. J. Skeet.

Lady Elinor Mordaunt ; or, Sunbeams in the Castle. By Margaret Maria Gordon, author of Work, and How to Do It. London : Hamilton, Adams & Co.

Magdalen Havering. By the author of The Verneys. 3 vols. London : Hurst & Blackett.

The Career of an Artful Dodger, showing one half the world how the other half lives. Fcap 8vo. boards. 1s. 6d. London : Geo. Vickers.

TRAVELS.

A Residence in Jutland, the Danish Isles, and Copenhagen. By Horace Marryat. Illustrations. 2 vols. Post 8vo. London : J. Murray.

Six Years in Italy. By K. Crichton, author of Before the Dawn in Italy. 2 vols. With Illustrations. 21s. London : C. J. Skeet.

Four Years in Burmah. By W. H. Marshall, late Editor of the 'Rangoon Chronicle.' 2 vols. With Illustrations. 21s. London : C. J. Skeet.

The Island of the Saints : a Pilgrimage through Ireland. By Julius [illegible]

Personal Narrative of Two Years' Imprisonment in Burmah. By Henry Gouger. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 12s. London : J. Murray.

Travels in Canada, and Through the States of New York and Pennsylvania. By J. G. Kohl, author of Russia and the Russians, etc. Translated by Mrs. Percy Sinnett, and revised by the Author, with an Additional Chapter on Railway Communications of Canada. London : George Manwaring.

Narrative of the Canadian Red River Exploring Expedition of 1857, and of the Assinniboine and Saskatchewan Exploring Expedition of 1858. By Henry Youle Hind, M.A., F.R.G.S., Professor of Chemistry and Geology in the University of Trinity College, Toronto, in charge of the Assinniboine and Saskatchewan Expedition. 2 vols. 8vo. With 20 whole-page Chromoxylographs, 76 Woodcuts, 3 Maps, topographical and geological, 4 Plans, and a Sheet of Profiles of the Country explored. cloth. 42s. London : Longman.

Travels not Far from Home. With a Preface which ought to be read. By Aubier St. Helier, M.A. 10s. 6d. London : J. Blackwood.

LEGAL.

Wrongs and their Remedies. Being a Treatise on the Law of Torts. By C. G. Addison, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, author of The Law of Contracts. 30s. London : V. & R. Stevens & Sons.

MEDICAL.

The Composition of the Urine, in Health and Disease, and under the Action of Remedies. By E. A. Parkes, M.D. 12s. London : J. Churchill.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Progress of Nations ; or, the Principles of National Development in their Relation to Statesmanship : a Study in Analytical History. London : Longman.

The Limits of Exact Science as Applied to History. An Inaugural Address delivered before the University of Cambridge. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley, M.A., Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, and Rector of Eversley. London : Macmillan & Co.

The Progressive Screw as a Propeller in Navigation. By J. J. Bevy, [illegible] 1s. London : John Weale.

Illustrations of the Genus Carex. Part the Second, containing Plates 201–310. By Francis Boott, Treas. Lin. Soc., etc. folio. £4 4s. London : William Pamplin.

Detached Musings on the Organic, Physical, and other Causes which Operate in the Formation of the Various Opinions and Characteristics of Men auxiliary to Philosophical and Christian Charity, etc. By W. Lawton, Esq. 2s. 6d. London : W. Goddard.

On Heat in its Relations to Water and Steam, embracing new views of Vaporization, Condensation, and Explosions. By Charles Wye Williams. 1s. 6d. London : Longman.

Trades, Societies, and Strikes. Report of the Committee on Trades Societies, appointed by the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, presented at the Fourth Annual Meeting of the Association at Glasgow, September, 1860. 12s. London : J. W. Parker & Son.

The Origin of Language. Based on Modern Researches. By F. W. Farrar, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Fcap 8vo. 5s. London : J. Murray.

The Horse and his Rider. By Sir Francis B. Head. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 5s. London : J. Murray.

Plato's Doctrine on the Rotation of the Earth, and Aristotle's Comment upon that Doctrine. By George Grote. 8vo. 1s. 6d. London : J. Murray.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Duties of Human Life. Translated from a Sanscrit Manuscript, written by an Ancient Brahmin. Edited by Joshua Perkins. 12mo. pp. 128. New York : James Miller.

Student-Life : Letters and Recollections for a Young Friend. By Samuel Osgood, author of Studies in Biography, the Hearthstone, Milestones, etc. 12mo. pp. 164. New York : James Miller.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, BOSTON.

The Autobiography of Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, Minister of Inveresk, Scotland. Containing Memorials of the Men and Events of his Time. From Early Sheets.

The Personal History of Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, and Lord High Chancellor of England. From Original Documents, by Hepworth Dixon. From the Early English Proof Sheets.

Favorite Authors. A Companion Book of Prose and Poetry. With twenty-six Steel Portraits.

The Life and Career of Major John Andre. By Winthrop Sargent. From Original Documents.

Bonnie Scotland. Tales of her History, Heroes, and Poets. By Grace Greenwood. With Illustrations.

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W. BLACKWOOD & SONS, LONDON.

Lives of Lord Castlereagh and Sir Charles Stewart, second and third Marquesses of Londonderry. From the Original Papers of the Family, and other Sources. By Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., D.C.L., author of the History of Europe.

The Monks of the West. By the Count de Montalembert. An authorized Translation.

English Puritanism and its Leaders. Cromwell—Milton—Baxter—Bunyan. By John Tulloch, D.D., Principal and Professor of Theology, St. Mary's College, in the University of St. Andrews, and one of Her Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary in Scotland ; author of Leaders of the Reformation, etc.

The Punjab and Delhi in 1857 ; Being a Narrative of the Measures by which the Punjab was saved and Delhi recovered during the Indian Mutiny. By the Rev. J. Cave-Browne, Chaplain of the Punjab Movable Column. With Plans of the Chief Stations and of the different Engagements.

History of the Greek Revolution. By George Finlay, LL.D., Athens, author of The History of Greece under Foreign Domination.

The Past and Present Life of the Globe ; Being a Sketch in Outline of the World's Life-System. By David Page, F.G.S., author of Text-Books of Geology.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

For the week ending Saturday, December 15, 1860.

A Christmas Dream. By James T. Brady. Illustrated by Edward S. Hall. Small 4to. pp. 48. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1860.

[illegible]. 12mo. pp. [illegible]. 1861.

Karely Krajtsir. 12mo. pp. 12.

A Practical Illustration of Woman's Right to Labor : or a Letter from Marie E. Zakrzewska, M.D., late of Berlin, Prussia. Edited by Caroline H. Dall, author of Woman's Right to Labor, Historical Pictures Retouched, etc. 12mo. pp. 167. Boston : Walker, Wise & Co. 1860.

The Conduct of Life. By R. W. Emerson. 12mo. pp. 288. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

Poems. By Rose Terry. 12mo. pp. 231. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

An Essay on the Figure and Surface—Divisions of the Earth, its Geological and Meteorological Phenomena, and its Astronomical Elements. By Samuel Elliott Coues, Washington, D. C. 4to. pp. 98. Washington : Published for the author by Philip & Solomons. 1860.

The Duties of Human Life : translated from a Sanscrit Manuscript, Written by an Ancient Brahmin. Edited by Joshua Perkins. 12mo. pp. 128. New York : James Miller. 1860.

Student-Life : Letters and Recollections for a Young Friend. By Samuel Osgood, author of Studies in Biography, The Hearthstone, Milestones, etc. 12mo. pp. 164. New York : James Miller. 1860.

The King of the Mountains. From the French of Edmond About, author of the Roman Question, Germaine, etc. By Mary L. Booth. With an Introduction by Epes Sargent. 12mo. pp. 360. Boston : J. E. Tilton & Co. 1860.

Hymns of the Ages. Second series, being selections from Wither, Crashaw, Southwell, Halliburton, and other sources. 12mo. pp. 131. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

Contents of Magazines.

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine for December contains : Modern Rome ; East Lynne, by the author of 'Ashley,'—Part XII. ; Lord Carew to Sir Thomas Roe ; Charles of Anjou, by Sir Nathaniel ; The Castle of Ehrenbreitstein, by Wm. Pickersgill ; The Hawthorn, by W. Charles Kent ; Catherine the Great of Russia ; Tasso's Leonora, by Nicholas Michell ; Caspar Hauser ; Falkener on Art ; Kate Douglas ; A Legend for 1861 ; Turkish Life and Character ; Cyrus Redding's 'Keeping up Appearances.'

Bentley's Miscellany for December contains : Uncle Jasper's Ghost : a Christmas Tale, by Dudley Costello ; What of the Future ?—(Outremer the Correspondence, No. XI.) ; A Good Listener, by Monkshood ; Table Turning and Spirit Rapping ; Diana of Poitiers ; An Island in the North Sea, by Mrs. Bushby ; The House, Biswick,—Part III. ; German Almanacks for 1861 ; The Stamp on the Paper, or Walsemar's Rifle Shot, and How I Repaid it, by Ouida,—in five chapters ; Epilogue to Vol. XLVIII.

The Quarterly Review for December contains : Deaconesses ; Competitive Examinations ; Public Schools ; Iron Sides and Wooden Walls ; Arrest of the Five Members by Charles I. ; George Eliot's Novels ; Wills and Will-making ; The Empire of Brazil.

The Cornhill Magazine for December contains : A Second Letter to the Editor of the Cornhill Magazine from Paterfamilias ; Framley Parsonage,—Chaps. 34, 35, 36 ; Ariadne at Naxos, with an illustration ; The History of a Fable, an Episode from the History of Literature ; How I was Upset ; The Criminal Law and the Detection of Crime ; A Passage in a Life ; Our Natural Enemies ; A Human Skull ; The Pope's City and the Pope's Protectors ; Success ; Watching and Wishing, by Charlotte Brontë ; Behind the Curtain ; Roundabout Papers, No. 9, with an illustration,—On a Joke I once heard from the late Thomas Hood.

Special Notices.

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DANAE.

Of all the choice pictures known to the world of art as evidences of surpassing taste and skill in the masters of the olden time, none, perhaps, can surpass the subject of this notice, 'DANAE,' painted by Rudolf Ulrick Wertmuller, who honored America by making it the home of his adoption, and closing his life on its soil. When 'DANAE' was originally produced at Paris, the admirers of the fine arts in that metropolis were electrified into an enthusiasm surpassing anything ever occasioned by a similar event, and the painting was at once pronounced to be fully equal to any production of the older masters, and the author was elevated to a commanding position in the temple of fame. That this was not the mere result of an evanescent burst of enthusiasm, is proved by the opinion being sustained by the best artists of the present day. None are even now found bold enough to carp at the faultless symmetry of the form, the graceful posture, the life-like coloring, or the matchless beauty of the countenance. Bathed in an atmosphere of the purest light, the modest innocence, the engaging sweetness of expression, combined with the exquisite grace and endearing tenderness of the composition, render it so delicate and truly chaste to the refined mind, as spontaneously to force the declaration that it is a painting of surpassing beauty, possessing the most unrivalled interest, and will ever stand a glorious monument of the author's fame. So transcendent is the beauty of the form, and so true to life, that, at a first glance, the spectator finds it difficult to realize that the subject is not a veritable vision of [illegible], instead of the glorious triumph of a gigantic mind over the beautiful in art.

Wertmuller was engaged on this picture two years. The great object in view appears to have been to have painted at Paris a picture that would rival the productions of Titian, and other great masters. Wertmuller, the court painter, was selected as fully competent. A fable in heathen mythology was chosen as better calculated than any other to draw out the splendid genius of the master, and illustrate the wonderful beauty of nature's fairest handiwork, the human form. The ablest art-critics and anatomists of Paris were, during the progress of the work, his constant visitors and advisers. Three of the most beautiful ladies of the Court of Louis XVI. sat to him. The head is said to be quite an exact copy of a Flemish Countess, distinguished for remarkable personal loveliness, and great mental acquirements. In all probability, no painting has ever attracted the attention of art-critics and anatomists more than this picture ; and they have universally admitted, without exception, that they have not been able to detect a fault in its composition. In fine, the work has passed through a triumphant career in both continents, winning the universal admiration of connoisseurs, and even by its unexampled merit forcing the owners of rival paintings to concede its superiority. Since the death of the artist, it has been the property of an opulent gentleman, who viewed it as an almost priceless gem, and closed it to public view. It is now, for the first time since 1810, on exhibition in this country. The painting has not been impaired by age ; on the contrary, the coloring is considered brighter and clearer than at the period when the artist considered his great work finished.

The following biographical sketch of this great master, quoted by Dunlap, in his "History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States," from the *Analectic Magazine* of 1815, will not be devoid of interest :

"Adolph Ulric Wertmuller was, by birth, a Swede, the son of a respectable apothecary of the city of Stockholm. Having acquired the rudiments of the art of painting at home, he removed to Paris, for the purpose of further improvement, where he studied and pursued his profession for several years. He appears to have acquired a great reputation on the continent of Europe. He was elected a member of the Royal Academies of Sculpture and Painting at Paris and Stockholm ; and in addition to these undoubted honors, he received a more solid reward in such a share of public patronage as enabled him to amass a considerable fortune. This he had placed in the French funds and in the hands of a Paris banker ; but, in that general convulsion of all financial and commercial concerns which took place in the early part of the revolution, he lost the greater part of his fortune. He then determined to escape from the storm which threatened such a general destruction, and try his fortunes in another hemisphere. In May, 1794, he landed at Philadelphia. In this country his paintings were admired ; he received many attentions, and President Washington sat to him. But the arts were then strangers among us, and we were not rich enough for patronage. He remained here until the Autumn of 1796, when he re-embarked for Europe, and returned to Stockholm, where he resided for several years. Misfortune still pursued him : he lost a large sum by the failure of a great house in Stockholm ; and, in disgust, he again returned to America, and arrived at Philadelphia in 1800. Here he exhibited his large and beautiful picture of DANAE, from which he derived a handsome income. About a year after his arrival, he married a lady of Swedish descent, who brought him a considerable property. After a few years' residence in the city of Philadelphia, he purchased a farm at Marcus Hook, on the Delaware, and removed thither, where he lived in ease and comfort until his death, in 1812.

"Wertmuller had studied his art with great assiduity and ardor. He copied with accuracy the models before him, and imitated with success the masters on whom he had formed his taste. His DANAE is his greatest and most splendid production."

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The [illegible]

"Don [illegible] y [illegible] in Lisbon, and [illegible] [illegible] sweet face. To the utter astonishment of the [illegible] add, of his daughter also), the mulatto's complexion [illegible] whiter and whiter, until at length she was [illegible] fair creature you see beside me!" (and as he said this he laid his hand gently on the shoulder of his [illegible]) "gentlemen," he continued, "my yarn is nearly spun. [illegible] in Isabella's appearance was attributed to the special [illegible] of our Lady of Mercy ; and as all [illegible] we were shortly married. The [illegible] ly fortune, and hence my ownership of the [illegible] which I am relating my adventures. To GOURAUD'S [illegible] therefore, I owe—firstly, many a [illegible] preservation of my life ; and secondly, a [illegible] accomplished bride ! Can you then wonder at the [illegible] of my toast, or refuse, before I bring my [illegible] to pledge—GOURAUD'S *Italian Medicated Soap!*

"Long and loud were the plaudits which greeted the [illegible] 'the Skipper's Yarn ;' and as the evening was wearing on, Capt. Crosstree rose and proposed as a parting toast 'Don Manuel, Donna Isabella, Capt. Hawser, and Dr. Felix Gouraud,' after which the company separated, mutually delighted with the 'feast of reason and the flow of soul.'"

L'Envoi! "The Skipper's Yarn" is not all fiction. GOURAUD'S *Italian Medicated Soap* will positively make the darkest skin as fair as the snowdrop ; it cures cutaneous diseases, [illegible], Freckles, Sallowness, Redness, Chafes, Chaps, Tender Flesh, &c., and is exquisite for shaving, and can be used with salt and hard water as well as soft. GOURAUD'S *Poudres Subtiles* are remarkable for their power in uprooting superfluous hair. GOURAUD'S *Hair Dye* changes harsh red, light or gray hair to a silky brown or black. GOURAUD'S *Liquid Rouge* will impart to a pale cheek a permanent hue of ruddy health. GOURAUD'S *Acoustic Drops* will certainly cure the most inveterate cases of Deafness !

DR. FELIX GOURAUD'S renowned preparations can be obtained genuine at his depot, 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway. Remember this !

GO TO PFAFF'S !—At Pfaff's Restaurant and Lager Bier Saloon, No. 647 Broadway, New York, you will find the best Viands, the best Lager Bier, the best Coffee and Tea, the best Wines and Liquors, the best Havana Cigars,—in fine, the best of everything, *at Moderate Prices.*

N. B.—You will also find at Pfaff's the best German, French Italian, English, and American papers.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 15, 1860.

We take great pleasure in announcing to our readers that we have been promised, at an early date, an original story from the pen of

MISS HARRIET E. PRESCOTT,

the first part of which will probably appear in our New Year's number.

We have made several other important arrangements for our forthcoming volume (in case we enter upon it, as now seems almost certain), and trust that this fact will encourage our friends to make new exertions toward placing the paper on a permanent footing.

FINE WRITING.

The new school of fine writing has invented the two senseless terms 'word-painting' and 'writing with color' to express the excellences at which it aims.

Perhaps it was through the wisdom of happy chance that it invented these two expressions, since their meaning is as vague, as the art itself is devoid of merit.

The bombastic inflation produced by the lavish use of superfluous adjectives, which constitutes the chief merit of modern fine writing, arises from an ignorance of the best mode of expression, just as a slight knowledge of the correct orthographic usage leads to a liberal use of the twenty-four letters of the alphabet, under the vague impression that the greater the number of letters crowded into a word, the greater the chance of spelling it rightly.

The late Mr. Henry Fielding, with that appreciation of the true uses of fine writing, and that fitness of [illegible] of the books of Tom Jones with a chapter of 'fine writing.' In these, as he desired to say nothing, and to say it magnificently, he employed that style, confining himself in those parts of the work in which he wished to continue the narrative, and to say what he had to say in an intelligible manner, to the simple use of the English language.

It would be well for those who admire the style of fine writing to study these initial chapters. They display so magnificently the art of saying nothing in a grand style, that after their perusal, the careful observer is wont to believe that all similar magniloquent displays are made for the same purpose.

Nor, in this matter, would it appear that the careful observer is far from wrong.

It seems a simple thing to say what we want to say in a simple way. The only trouble is to be certain that we have something to say.

Here it is that the professors of the art of fine writing deceive themselves. They have but the ghost of an idea, or else some old familiar truism, and try by enveloping it in a fog of words to make it appear solid and real, or else larger and more startling. We all know the tendency, so common among ordinary people, to see dreadful things in the gloom of night, and to make apparitions in the dark out of the most familiar objects.

It is upon this tendency that many fine writers play their bugaboo tricks of rhetoric. But the majority of the school deceive themselves. Because they talk big words they think they must be big with meaning. They forget that all words, big or little, are but wind, and that it is sense and not sound which tells.

The English discovered at the first discharge of a real cannon-ball, that the Chinese forts were nothing but painted canvas. Even a marine, provided he had a cutlass, would not be overcome by a hundred Chinese soldiers, though they shouted ever so loud, and made the grotesque faces upon their shields squint and grin ever so fearfully.

Surely, in these practical days, if a person has no better appliances for fighting than these, he had better stay quietly at home. Even the Chinese are learning that.

Speech is silver, while silence is golden ; but just words, fitly spoken, combine both merits, since they are as apples of gold in pitchers of silver.

Such fruit, so served, is not to be had for the asking, nor do we find it so set out at the street corners.

Like everything worth having, they have their price, and must be paid for by patient thought and hard study.

This labor, the lovers of fine writing are unwilling to pay.

They talk a deal of nonsense about a genius for fine writing, and an instinctive eye for color in their word painting, and so rushing in 'ore rotundo' make the mistake of the artist who thinks himself a great painter because he uses a big brush, and so dashes in what good taste would tell him to dash out.

The old professor's rule, 'Put your pen through all your fine passages,' is the best, if not the mildest corrective for the exuberances of fine writing.

To be sure the application of such a rule would prevent the production of a great deal of what is well termed 'printed matter.'

And yet there would be great advantage even in that.

Mr. Everett of the *Ledger*, as he is [illegible] and in his kindred organ, would dwindle to such an infinitely small quantity that he might be [illegible]. And yet that the public would [illegible] in the [illegible], is self-evident ; and there are [illegible] to believe that it would be an advantage to himself.

It is often singular to see how many of those who in conversation speak simply, [illegible] and concisely what they mean, no sooner take up a pen than they [illegible] instead of simply writing what they [illegible].

This 'fine writing' is a [illegible] [illegible] the arts, the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible].

That these are [illegible] and [illegible] is granted, it [illegible] that they should be used judiciously. The similes, for instance, should be like, and the flowers of rhetoric should be sweet and appropriate. No one would wish to have marigolds thrust upon him, nor do we desire as a memento of our lady-love the picture of some other woman.

There are some enthusiasts who look forward to the time when the world is to become perfect, when all of one sex will be fair and all of the other brave ; when every man will be a gentleman and every woman well-bred ; when all mankind shall become intelligent, and the demagogue will be a remembrance ; when there shall be no ranters on the stage, and no daubers in the arts. To hasten that day should be a universal wish and effort, and perhaps the most important step towards it, would be to abandon the art of 'fine writing ;' since fustian and commonplace will then have disappeared from literature, and its truth and good taste will be more abundant and more influential.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

The city is just at present quite full of pictures on exhibition. They are of all schools and all degrees of merit. German pictures. American pictures. French pictures. Italian pictures. Old pictures. New pictures. Good pictures. Bad pictures. Indifferent pictures.

On the way up Broadway, the first in order is Page's Moses, exhibited in connection with some splendid specimens of Rossiter's daring genius. This exhibition is the most amusing one we have ever seen. Those who should go there to laugh will certainly find ample food for their merriment.

The Moses is a picture which will add nothing to Mr. Page's deserved reputation, but the astounding absurdities by which Mr. Rossiter has out-rossitered himself, make up for poor Moses' weakness. It is a wonder that Mr. Barnum in his exhaustive search for monstrosities has not secured these grand canvases from Mr. Rossiter for the decoration of the outside of his museum. They are amply large enough and vulgar enough for that purpose, and if bought at their real value would not prove expensive.

Next in order is Mr. Derby's fine-art building in which are contained the Dusseldorf-collection and Mr. Jarves's old masters.

Of the merits of the first the public has already had time to judge, of the second it would be rash to speak before they have remained here long enough to afford an opportunity for the study which they deserve. The SATURDAY PRESS has not the assurance which will pronounce with equal facility and equal ignorance upon the merits of pictures and putty, of rare old masters and tasteful bonnets.

It is principally to the intention with which Mr. Jarves spent years in collecting them, and the object he has in view with their exhibition, that we wish to call attention. These Mr. Jarves himself has explained as follows, in the preface to the catalogue :

> During a long residence in Europe, chiefly in Italy, the writer was led to the study of art at large, the preliminary results of which, in the shape of abstract suggestions, were given to the public in 'Art-Hints,' in 1855. Its favorable reception was an additional encouragement for the continuance of a pursuit, which, while so full of enjoyment to him individually, seemed also to be not without interest to his fellow-citizens generally. The historical and critical researches required for the preparation of 'Art-Studies,'—a work chiefly referring to the Italian schools of painting, with special reference to the æsthetic wants of America,—now in course of publication by Messrs. Derby & Jackson, New York, led to the conception of a gallery or museum of olden art for America, based upon a chronological and historical sequence of paintings, arranged according to their motives and technical progress. Without such a museum of reference, it was evident that a work on Italian art would possess but slight interest for our [illegible] to the value of the other. Accordingly, he determined to attempt it. Familiar with Italian life ; living in the midst of the art that was his daily study ; in constant intercourse with many of the best European connoisseurs ; assisted by sympathising artistic friends, and particularly by a Greek artist, Sig. G. Mignaty, whose knowledge of the history and technical processes, combined with a keen perception and deep feeling in art, is very remarkable ; after several years of search in the highways and byways of Europe,—the writer succeeded in getting together the pictures described in this Catalogue, believing that ultimately they will be found worthy of forming the nucleus of a Free Gallery in one of our large cities, and thus be made to promote his aim—the diffusion of artistic knowledge and æsthetic taste in America.

To any one who has even a slight knowledge of the subject, it will be evident on examination, that for this purpose, the collection is the most valuable, instructive, and complete, which has ever been exhibited in this country. So generous a purpose, commenced with such taste and discrimination, should certainly meet with the largest success. We have such confidence in our American appreciation of excellence, our love of Art and its study, that we have no doubt, as soon as the claims of Mr. Jarves's collection become known, they will be so widely recognised that its permanent continuance here will be placed beyond a doubt.

Near these collections is the exhibition of the Cinderella painted by Van Lerius, a hitherto unfamiliar name. The best merit of this picture is, that it is popular. Its excellences of finish are just those which make it a good 'show-picture.' Perhaps it would be well, however, for the artist not to expose himself in future to the evidently correct charge of plagiarism.

Next in order is the Adam and Eve, which may be passed over as very poor pictures, for a glance, upstairs, at the exhibition of works of the French school.

The general impression produced here is, that Goldsmith's saying is as applicable now as it ever was, and that the pictures would have been better had the artists taken more pains. As it is, they most of them appear to have been hastily painted for this market. Yet 'The Gladiators,' by Gerome, is a picture which is sufficiently suggestive to repay a dozen visits. It is a complete condensation of the history of the Empire, with its magnificence, its brutality, its sycophancy, and its lust. It is the shortest and best guide-book for the long and difficult journey through Gibbon's 'Rise and Fall.'

From here we can glance at the Artist's Fund Exhibition, regret that it is not as excellent as its object is commendable, and pass on to sit as long as we have leisure, before the pure beauty of the Danae.

After this artistic journey, perhaps the impression remaining will be, how many poor pictures we have seen ; but on after-consideration, the merits of the Jarves-collection and the charming Danae will amply compensate for the time spent among the Art exhibitions.

ARCADES AMBO.

We announced recently that Mr. Edward Everett contemplates doing an injury to Franklin's memory by writing his life. This would seem as great an infliction as any one generation should be made to suffer ; and yet we find that a Reverend Mr. Thayer, who has already made free with the life of Governor Banks, has selected Benjamin Franklin as his next victim, and entitles 'The Printer Boy, or How Ben Franklin made His Mark.' As both of these persons have shown themselves singularly unfit to write anybody's life, and particularly that of the sturdy, manly, and politic old Franklin, it seems strange that they should continue to pursue such a biographical attack. Perhaps the explanation is to be found in Horace's lines

> [illegible] [illegible], et ut venerandus, et ultro,
> [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

AN OPINION AS IS AN OPINION.

Mr. [illegible], speaking of Mr. Emerson's new book 'The Conduct of Life,' says that the author's 'mind [illegible] [illegible], reflecting the surrounding world in its every face, from like a colossal [illegible] [illegible] in the foundation, showing the [illegible] on every side, the facets by the glittering [illegible], which we should call [illegible] very good thing for Mr. Emerson.

LOVES AND HEROINES OF THE POETS.*

Lilies, roses and honey-suckles, zephyrs, sunbeams and morning-glories, opals and diamonds, pearls and crystals, larks and nightingales, ripe lips, sweet kisses, fragrant bosoms, snow, fire, laurels and myrtle—well, all things on earth that constitute temptation and ecstacy for all persons—except anchorites and critics—are garnered, in symmetrical luxuriance, into this beautiful volume of the 'Loves and Heroines of the Poets.' It is—pardon us the antique quotation—'a thing of beauty,' and necessarily therefore, 'a joy forever.'

Judging by such lights as reading and observation afford, we incline to the opinion that people get more or less into a state of mind when overtaken by the frenzy of Love. With the Poets, certainly, this is true, however it may be with other persons ; and this their verses sufficiently exhibit. Accordingly, we are not dismayed at the gathered testimony of the Poets of nearly four centuries, as it lives in this group of Loves and Heroines, nor to observe that for them at least,

> "All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
> All are but ministers of Love,
> And feed his sacred flame."

But whatever their state of mind, and however uncomfortable alike to themselves and others, it is a good thing to have the poets severely agitated with all possible passions and in all possible ways ; and that perhaps is the most effective and fruitful way which turns upon them, warm and splendid, 'the light that lies woman's eyes,' and the entire light artillery of woman's fascination. It is to this method, at any rate, that the world is mainly indebted for most that is true and beautiful in the poetic literature of the nations. It is to this that we owe 'The Loves and Heroines of the Poets.'

Perhaps we cannot better indicate the intention and scope of this work than by copying its quiet and graceful 'Preface :'

"My object in this volume," says the Editor, "is to present specimens of English love-poetry, especially that which is or seems to be addressed to particular women—'The Loves and Heroines of the Poets'—and to give, as concisely as possible, all that is known concerning them. I begin with the three great Italian poets, because I conceive their love-sonnets—above all Petrarch's—to have been the models after which our early poets shaped their amorous fancies. Wyatt and Surrey, even when most original, are little better than imitators of Petrarch. Indeed, so notorious was this fact that they were said to have travelled in Italy and to have brought their art thence. I trace the course of love-poetry in English Literature from Wyatt to the poets of the present day. I have gone over the ground carefully, and have selected what seemed to me the best specimens for a volume of this kind. The poetic literature of the age of Elizabeth and the times of Charles the First and Second, is largely represented. I have arranged my materials chronologically, giving the dates at which the different poems were written, wherever they were known, or at least the dates and names of the volumes in which, as far as I could ascertain, they were first printed : where there was nothing positive to guide me, I have arranged them conjecturally. When I could consult the early editions, I have done so, although I have not always followed their readings when a later one seemed better. I have chosen authenticated portraits, when I could obtain them, in preference to ideal heads ; greatly I think to the permanent value of the work. For some of the best of these illustrations I am indebted to my friend Barry, who has copied from their scarce originals the portraits of Laura, Beatrice, and Geraldine, and drawn from his imagination the ideal heads of Shakespeare's Mistress, Burn's Highland Mary, and Coleridge's Genevieve."

In the accomplishment of his felicitous design Mr. Stoddard has been entirely successful. It required poetic sympathy, pure taste, just discrimination, unusual culture, and careful research, suitably to edit the 'Loves and Heroines of the Poets ;' and the book is wanting in none of the essential qualities of excellence. We shall on another occasion endeavor more fitly to express an appreciation of its value, by a careful analysis of its merits and defects. In the meantime we cordially commend it to all lovers of good poetry. It is the best collection of poems ever published in this country ; and it is published in a very elegant dress.

MINOR EXPERIENCES IN AMERICA.

XVII.

I visited the Harvard family of Shakers, not to examine their curiously conceived Christianity, but to see how the principle of life in community worked ; the principle which has failed so signally everywhere else. I wished to observe the Shakers as socialists, and was quite indifferent to their conception or misconception of Christianity, or their hostility to 'generation.'

The Shakers received me with great kindness, and with their wonted simple, but warm and open hearted hospitality.

The snow had already covered the soil, so that my visit, which lasted for several days, was necessarily confined to indoors, among the three neighboring families. This however gave me great facilities for studying more thoroughly their system and its working, and by continual conversations with men and women, 'brethren and sisters,' elders and ordinary members, I could study their characters.

As I was recommended to them in rather a flattering way from Cambridge, their curiosity was considerably aroused. There was no end of questions on both sides. They were in the highest degree curious about Europe, about the socialist experiments there, about the various social theories ; also about the courts and sovereigns, whether the Shaker principles were known in Russia and at the court of Nicholas, to whom their elders, years ago, had sent a copy of the book containing the Shaker doctrine.

In a word, if I was inquisitive, they were also, but in a friendly, good-natured, well-bred manner.

I found these Shakers with whom I thus came in contact by no means scholars, according to the current opinion, all of them being artisans, laborers in some way or other. Yet, nevertheless, they had a general notion of the various socialist systems in Europe, and in the discussion of their own doctrine proved themselves generally to be strong logicians, and even formidable dialecticians.

They were, however, most astonished by the explanation I gave them of the genuine and pure social theory of Fourier. It was news for them to hear that the reorganization of society, as conceived by Fourier, has nothing in common with what is generally called socialism, or communism, and that freelovism is not the cardinal doctrine of his system, although a full recognition of the absolute equality of women with the lords of creation is.

Whenever there was a gathering of the families, they asked me as a special favor to repeat aloud the Lord's Prayer, in as many different languages as I knew. In this way I made up for my neglect, in mature life, of this simple prayer, lisped by the naive and confident faith of childhood, since during my visit to the Shakers I repeated the prayer some days thirty times.

One day while visiting the gynceum, or the women's division of the village, in company with one of the Elders, and finding all the women very neat, and occupied with various household duties, I unwittingly exclaimed that the Shakeresses, disciplined as they are, would make excellent wives.

"What sayest thou to this, brother?" asked the youngest and handsomest among them, turning her face to the Elder.

The Elder said nothing, but took me gently by the arm, and when we had left the room, said in a friendly, but [illegible] tone, "Thou must not suggest such questions in the family."

The next evening after tea, some of the sisters and brethren asked me to tell them a story about European life and customs ; an evening story, such as are common in Europe, or rather in novels.

It was a long, snowy, tempestuous evening in December. The Elders looked rather scared, but were polite enough not to express in any other way their displeasure at my readiness to conform with the request.

Not wishing to wound even in the slightest way, the feelings of men who treated me with the utmost cordiality, as an offset to my involuntary indiscretion of the day before, I selected a real event in my family, which had in the course of long centuries grown into a legend.

I told, therefore, how about six centuries ago, an ancestress of mine, one of the historic family of Piast, married, for political reasons, her cousin, a reigning Duke of Liegnitz in Silesia, when that country was independent, and its inhabitants, of the Slavic race, were Roman Catholics. My ancestor's dowry consisted of two small adjacent and independent Dukedoms, so that the match was a family scheme to aggrandise the Liegnitz branch. I told how she was unhappy with her coarse and dissolute husband, how she died broken hearted, having had only a little spaniel as a sympathising companion ; and how when her corpse was laid out with all the ceremonial pageantry in a silver coffin, the little dog crept during the night into the coffin, and was found there dead in the morning.

The husband ordered the coffin closed over both bodies, and they were thus deposited in the chapel of the Cathedral. The cruel husband soon followed, and the two coffins now stand side by side.

Centuries after, the spread of Protestantism and Germanism changed the condition of Silesia, and of the Dukedom of Liegnitz. The Cathedral is now a Lutheran church, and the Gospel is preached not in Slavic but in German.

The silver coffins are still in the chapel. The story of the unhappy princess, and of her being buried with a dog—that candidate for humanity, according to Michelet—grew feebler and feebler from generation to generation. About a century ago, a high Prussian official in the province of Silesia, wishing to verify the truth of the legend, ordered the coffin to be opened, and found the skeletons there. Now a sexton will, for a small consideration, open the coffin and show them to the rare and curious traveller.

The true story is long ago forgotten among the Liegnitzians, but her relations, scattered in all climes, preserve her memory with pious care.

The Elders were satisfied with the story, and all the sisters and brethren drew from it their own conclusions in favor of their own doctrines.

These colonies of Shakers are the only successful experiments among all the numerous and harmless attempts at a life in community, or those others made by half Fourierites and Owenites, at Orbiston, New Harmony, Harmony Hall, the pseudo Phalansteries in France and in this country. The Shakers attribute their success to the non-existence among them of family by generation. When they told me this, I answered that humanity never would and never could submit to such a deprivation, even in order to gain the felicities of communism.

Some months afterward, these same Shakers heard of my poverty—at that time it was nearly destitution—and that my health was altogether shattered. They invited me to come among them, to stay any length of time, at least until my recovery, and gave their promise that I should not be annoyed by any attempts at conversion to their doctrine. This act at least was one of pure Christian charity.

GUROWSKI.

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

PROFILE-SKETCHES OF MEN AND THINGS.

II.

Like all corporate bodies, society acts compactly, and keeps responsibility at a distance, because she disapproves collectively what the majority tolerates individually. But society is not fair, and while she gives or withholds her opinion, she grumbles all the while. Her fetters are thrown out in every possible direction, ready to catch the audacious culprit who has dared play false in his allegiance to her unbending laws, and O ! how well she lashes with disdainful coldness her darlings of yesterday !

Society is nothing but a bundle of Habits, and Prejudice the cord which binds it together. Destroy that Prejudice, and society is at a loss to gain her strength. It is impossible for some people to escape her disdain. Her revenges are sudden and absolute, and their unjust severity knows no appeal. If, however, society was based on principles of a more equal and less fictitious morality ; if her sense of honor was stronger and better sustained ; if she could be more of a philosopher and less of a woman ; more sublimely calm, and majestically self-possessed, instead of being so waywardly whimsical and full of poutings, we might trust her verdict. But she is only half-grown, yet, and expresses the capriciousness of childhood as her right. Shall we in any way hasten her development ? Shall we let fall upon her cold passionless bosom, life-beating glow of our own individual beliefs and convictions ? We ought to do it, and bravely too. Every separate man and woman ought to find within his or her own soul, courage enough to make his relation to society one not of cowardly timidity and womanly bondage, but on the contrary, one of independent, self-conscious authority—the authority of right.

Truth is fearless. She stumbles not into the hesitating lisp of a child, but commands like a despot. Now, if each individual would be true, and remain true to the highest laws of his nature, in the application as well as in the discovery of these laws, could not society become purged of its dross and be remoulded ? Would not Prejudice and Conventionality be displaced,—loyally removed away as things of no more use, and impediments to the wheel of Progress ?

We keep society an utterer of falsehood by living falsehoods ourselves. So tremblingly afraid are we to assert our true place, to recognise its superiority or its mediocrity, that we prefer cheating ourselves with illusions rather than meet the full-armed band of outraged and dethroned social laws which come to meet us as foes.

Yet, Progress keeps at the heels of society. Progress and Liberalism are spurs to speed her onward.

Many a social revolution has the future in store ! For a perpetual change is going on. Men are not exactly what they were one or two centuries ago. Human Nature, true to itself, remains identically the same, but Man progresses. In the airy train of Time, every moment turns up new fallows for human thoughts to garner in its new harvests. The cradle-song of the Past has become the hallelujah of our age. We sing it with a consciousness of triumphant strength. We sing it like conquerors, not like poor captives. Let then, the watchword of every soul be Courage, not fear—bold, brave, manly courage ! Courage to act, and courage to accept the consequences of that action. Let every noble instinct of our nature be recognised as the supremest law that claims our implicit obedience.

Cowards are the useless, idle drones of society. They achieve nothing, because they dare nothing. They are like a man who would try to build a house before he had dug the foundation. They are imitators of other people's conduct, and conformists to other people's whims. They wantonly sell the birth-right of their moral nature for a mess of miserable approbation and praise. Manly souls are those who sit not at the Banquet of *Life* empty-handed, and look around with hungry eyes at the full propriety of their well-fed neighbors, but rather feel their own abundance, and with conscious prodigality lavish it in every direction. We, who know more, let us kindly teach those who know less. My views of life may lead me far beyond the narrow-circle of contracted ideas around which my pious neighbor spends all his blind faith. But, what of it, if, in following my intuition, and in remaining loyally true to its guidance I become not a traitor to myself? Are we to be mere automatons? Toy men and women, whose individuality is imperilled by the playful hand of a child? Are we to be frightened by names, and made to believe that we know nothing of goodness and of truth, simply because goodness and truth are not perceived by us in the same light under which they borrow so warm a coloring for other people's eyes? But surely we have a right to hang our moral pictures as well as our material ones, the way we choose, and so as to see their beauty best! Are we not our own guardians? Or does 'Respectability' keep us in so protracted a tutelage that it allows us not to walk by ourselves, and to choose our paths?

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* The Loves and Heroines of the Poets. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. New York. Messrs. Derby & Jackson.

Our age is rich in a vast multiplicity of moral maladies which have hardly been noticed before. Some of those threaten almost to remain contagious and to become fatal. There are new evils surging out from the depths of society and to which Psychology has not yet assigned a place in its annals. One of these evils is the growing tyranny of religious cant. Let us beware of its influence! It fertilizes not, but it kills. It blesses not with greater exuberance of full-flowering life, but like a dark shadow which within its massy folds has hidden an insidious poison, it leaves barren and desolate every heart upon which it falls.

X. Y. Z.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

INSCRIBED TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

When you can see The Two Aztec Children, the What is it, the Albino Girls, the Thirty Monster Snakes, and Eight Hundred and Fifty Thousand Other Curiosities, at Barnum's for two shillings, I can't for the life of me see why you should pay twice or thrice the money (and run the risk of being bawled to death, besides) for the sake of seeing either Mr. Edwin Booth or Mr. Edwin Forrest, though I admit that it is worth something to see the collection of dramatic curiosities by which these tragic gentlemen are 'supported,' and something more to be taught so effectually how Hamlet, Macbeth, Richelieu, etc., etc., ought not to be played.

But, for my own part, I don't like to see anything in the preternatural line, unless I am prepared for it before-hand.

If I had seen Booth and Forrest at Barnum's I should probably have liked them.

At any rate, they would have been in keeping with the place, and neither of them could have said to me as a Peorian visitor whom I was examining rather closely once did: "Please, sir, I'm not a natural curiosity."

I don't mean, by this, so much to reflect upon Messrs. Booth and Forrest—who, after all, do pretty much what you require of them, General—as to record my simple opinion that if people will run after monstrosities, they might as well go directly to head-quarters, where they can find them not only in great perfection but in great variety.

As for finding any male actor who has the slightest capacity for representing human passions, I have long since despaired of it.

I have seen a few women who could do it (Rachel, Grisi, Cortesi, Fabbri, for example), but never a man.

Men give us nothing but the conventional passion of the stage (which any Bowery-boy can do passably well, after a week's practice), and the conventional passion of the stage is the most superficial and senseless thing in the world.

To me it is as uninteresting as the conventional humor of the Circus, which hasn't changed for a hundred years, and is the dreariest substitute for fun that can be conceived of.

It is a shame, doubtless, to classify Booth and Forrest with Jo Pentland and Dan Rice; but it is nevertheless true that they belong to the same school.

They all accept the commonest traditions of the stage, and rely for success upon nothing but a series of well known tricks.

The great trick of the tragic actor is noise.

If he makes noise enough he is sure to bring down the house.

I have never known it to fail.

If he were asked to define passion in a single word, he would describe it as 'noise.'

Forrest is the noisiest man in the world; if Booth were as noisy (being younger and handsomer), he would have all his laurels in a month.

I therefore recommend Booth to let his mind alone, and cultivate his lungs.

If he will only bawl loud enough to be heard down at Niblo's (it is only a few blocks off), Forrest will immediately pack up his things and be off for Peoria.

And, by Stentor! I wish he would do it, for Niblo's is getting to be not only noisy but noisome.

In fact, what with Niblo's and the Winter Garden, we have had so much noise this season that the public ear is almost stunned.

I dropped in the other night to take five minutes of Booth's Richelieu, and had the misfortune to arrive just as he was about pronouncing an anathema against the king.

Never before did king get such scolding, and never before did audience get such ear-splitting.

When it was all over, and

> Silence, like a poultice came,
> To heal the blows of sound,

the bewildered and bestunned listeners looked very much as if they had just been subjected to some terrific and mysterious torture.

For myself, I hurried down to Niblo's out of pure obstinacy, and braced myself up to hear Forrest rant through a scene or two of Macbeth, which he did in a style to reconcile me even to Booth.

When I went out into Broadway, the clamor of the omnibus-drivers was like the voice of syrens to me, and the rumbling of the wheels like the music of the spheres.

All which comes of having nerves.

Booth and Forrest ignore the nerves and go in, respectively, for bone and muscle; Booth for bone, Forrest for muscle.

Hence, what is called the Bone-and-Muscle of society goes in for them.

The Bone-and-Muscle always goes in for whatever is coarse and effective.

My dear General, I think I have hit, by chance, upon the exact truth; Booth's performance is boney:—and Forrest's muscular.

And I don't know which I take the least interest in, bones or muscles. I am stronger in the former than in the latter,—as Booth is—but my pet organs are the nerves, and the tragic actor who has the slightest respect for these—or for any of the higher qualities of the human system, physical or psychical,—is yet to make his appearance.

However, these distinctions are rather superfine, so let us change the subject.

In 1853, on the 14th of February,—which, somehow has a familiar sound as if it were the anniversary of somebody or something,—I went to the Théâtre Français in Paris to 'assist' at the first representation of a play by Madame de Girardin, entitled, somewhat presumptuously, 'Lady Tartuffe.'

The Tartuffe of the piece (Madame de Blossac) was performed by Rachel; the ingénue (Jeanne de Clairmont), by M'lle Brohan, who made her début on the occasion, and carried off all the honors of the evening.

Rachel didn't like her part, and made a mull of it.

The piece, on the whole, was pronounced to be a failure.

But for the social position of the authoress, and the admirable acting of M'lle Brohan, it would have been at once withdrawn.

It has but little merit in the way of plot, and none at all in the way of characterization. There is some good dialogue in it—and that's all.

If Rachel had not been a personal friend of the Girardins, she wouldn't have touched the piece; and if she had dreamed that she was to be eclipsed in it by an actress of seventeen (or by anybody), she wouldn't have touched it for all the friends in the world.

The only use of the thing—and it ought to be kept exclusively for that purpose—is for bringing out pretty young actresses.

It served this purpose admirably in Paris, and has served it tolerably well here, though the piece is wretchedly translated, and so horribly put upon the stage that I hardly recognized it.

Every part except that of the ingénue is horribly murdered; and hers seems good only because the natural awkwardness of a débutante comes into play as a merit instead of a defect.

It is not a play to test the qualities of an actress, but merely to introduce her to the stage through a rôle which she cannot very well fail in,—and may make a decided hit with.

This latter Miss Brohan did; and Miss Henriques has come very near doing.

At any rate she has not made a failure; and this is about the best, up to this time, that can be said of her, excepting that as she is very young, very pretty, very naive, and very graceful, besides being very ambitious, there is no reason why, after a year or so of careful study, she should not become, at least, a good stock actress.

And now, General, to make up for any want of gallantry in all this, I may as well copy the following tribute from the Peorian muse to your friend Patti:

Adelina Patti.

What flowers have we to crown this brow,
  That God's own hand hath crowned
With such immortal wreaths as glow
  O'er seraph eyes profound?
What gifts have we to add one grace
  More beautiful and wild,
Or touch with holier light the face
  Of this sweet minstrel-child?

What spell to wake her burning soul,
  That deep-toned, vibrant lyre,
Whose glorious floods of music roll
  Through gates of pearl and fire!
Her steps are 'mid the thornless flowers
  Of girlhood's morning years,
She lifts above these mists of ours
  A face too bright for tears.

The light of Madrid's splendid skies,
  The roses of the South,
Haunt the soft darkness of her eyes,
  And blossom on her mouth,
And she is Queen of the high art
  Whose mission is divine,
To captive bow the thrilling heart
  At Song's imperial shrine.

But rarer than those skies' sweet gleam,
  Or rose of South or West,
Her childhood's pure, unbroken dream
  Seems sleeping in her breast;
And on her fair young forehead glows
  Such God transmitted grace,
Correggio of his Alpine snows,
  Might mould with upturned lips and brows
  A Saint Cecilia's face.

Chess Column

OF

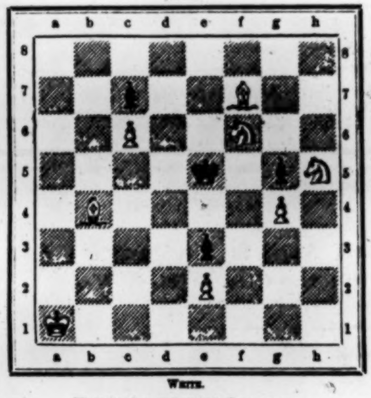
The New York Saturday Press.

DECEMBER 15, 1860.

PROBLEM No. 57.

By T. P. C., of New York.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 55.

1. B b2—a1 K e5—d6
2. K g3—f3 K d4—e5
3. R a3—e3‡

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 56.

1. Q a1—a8 Kt c7—a8:
2. B c4—d5 B ——
3. B d5—b7‡

"Chess-players are requested to make no unnecessary noise."—K. C. K.

French savans have decided that largeness of intellect, is nothing more than superabundance of insanity; and that great skill or superiority in any branch of science betokens idiocy.

Admitting that "great genius to madness nearly is allied," we would observe that it is as noticeable among the Chess fraternity, as among the savans. No one of an observant character can visit any resort of Chess-players, without being at once struck with the many strange eccentricities of the habitants. The stronger the players, the greater the resemblance to Angel's Castilian ape, or the equally Chess-loving baboon, of the Arabian Nights.

The only way to account for this remarkable fact is, that as all musicians possess a passionate fondness for Chess, so as a general rule a large majority of Chess-players are professional or amateur musicians; whom it is well known are a class of eccentric oddities. And as each one always imagines that he is the sole possessor of some peculiar trill, or can do with his little finger what was never done before, so every Chess-player is proud of his knowledge of the power of the knight, pawn, or some peculiar termination or point in which he has no equal.

So musical are Chess-players, that you can seldom play a game unaccompanied by a chorus of whistlers or hummers, while those whose education has not yet reached the actual air, beat time indiscriminately upon the floor and furniture.

We remember a story told of a certain player, who always made it a point to beat a loud tattoo upon the chair of any one engaged in play. One evening, however, he failed to make his appearance until a numerous circle of interested spectators had been formed around the board of two prominent players. At first he appeared puzzled, but a bright idea flashing across his brain, he seized a low stool, and seating himself at the outer extremity of the ring, he managed to extend his feet under four chairs until his toe reached the leg of the Chess-table, and he was enabled to commence his triumphal beat.

You, O reader, are the only one in whom we have observed no musical Chess eccentricities, but we feel assured, that like us, you have discovered that the Chess world is composed of sharps and flats.

The following are the names of the fortunate players who have entered the third section of the Morphy Rooms Chess Tourney:

J. A. Leonard against Karl [illegible].
W. Richardson " D. W. Fiske.
N. Marache " W. H. Lord.
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Wertmuller's 'Danae' is a picture of the antique school. It seeks its effect by simplicity of form and unity of tone. It has nothing theatrical in composition, nothing exaggerated in expression, nothing intense in chiaroscuro. It is precisely the sort all all the world will enjoy. The skilful modeling of the form is not more admirable than the warmth and reality of the carnations. It is simply an idealization under the most accurate human type of the old mythological beauty whom the chief of Olympus descended to adore. In all aspects, as a striking representation of breathing mortal loveliness, this picture is well worthy a visit.

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(CONCLUDED FROM THE FIRST PAGE.)

the sign was made, leaped for joy at the sight and rushed into the house.

II.

—Thank my father, said the young girl, pushing M. Leon towards M. Lebrun. He accepts your proposition.

—What condescension, exclaimed Leon, grasping convulsively the father's hand.

—You dearly love my daughter?

—With my whole soul, sir.

—And you believe you will attain your object?

—I am sure of it.

—What are you worth now?

—Nothing.

—But you hold an office?

—Yes sir, with the Minister of Finance.

—How much do you earn a month?

—One hundred and thirteen francs seventy-five centimes.

—That is not enough.

—Therefore I will resign my place.

—Take care! You may not gain as much elsewhere with all your learning.

—Undeceive yourself, sir; we live in an age when labor finds its reward.

—Nevertheless, up to this time you have only succeeded in making one hundred and thirteen francs seventy-five centimes.

—Until recently I have not been in love, sir, and this modest sum has sufficed for my simple tastes.

—So you know many things, said M. Lebrun with the air of a man who had never acquired more of language than sufficed to effect the sale of his goods, or more of arithmetic than permitted the calculation of twenty-five or thirty per cent. profit.

—Yes sir. I have learned many things.

—Do you speak English?

—Fluently.

—German?

—As I do French.

—Italian?

—With facility.

—Spanish?

—Like a native.

—Latin and Greek?

—Without difficulty. I even understand Arabic.

—Arabic! Say, father, cried Julia, is it not beautiful, would you not like to comprehend Arabic?

—What, sir, you can read them long, thin, crooked letters, which look like bits of vermicelli?

—With ease, sir.

—You can paint also?

—Yes, I can make a fair copy of an old master. I know something of architecture, and am an expert chemist, and am acquainted with natural and universal history. In short, I have studied laboriously. Do you not think that with such a capital, I may hope to gain fifty thousand francs?

—Fifty thousand francs is a good deal of money. Still I do not retract. I will keep my promise—return on the 15th of September, 1838. But let me say before you go, I would give you my daughter at once, if you had all the money your parents spent on your education, even were you an ignoramus.

—Will you consent to wait patiently a whole year, Julia! said Leon, turning to the young girl.

—Yes, my friend, I swear it.

—Then expect me on the 15th of September, 1838, resumed Leon, after kissing the hand of her he loved.

—Sir, I have the honor to salute you, replied M. Lebrun, to whose lips the stereotyped phrase which he had addressed for twenty years to his patrons and customers, ever returned, and was uttered with a pretentious intonation and accompanied by an unmeaning smile.

III.

Ten and a half months after the above scene, a man dressed in rags, pale, wan, and unshaven, was seated in a filthy, gloomy, odorous apartment, in one of the lower-class hotels of London. His head drooped upon his breast, his left hand held a pistol; while his right caressed the lock of the instrument of death. The pale, emaciated, ragged man was Leon, who had eaten nothing for two days, and had resolved on self-destruction. A letter lay upon the table. It bore the name and address of Julia. It only contained these words:

> I have tried every means for earning the sum demanded by your father. I am now poorer than when we parted. I have eaten nothing for two days. When this reaches you I shall be dead. A pistol ball will have ended what hunger would soon terminate, if I could still dare to hope. That you may be happy, Julia, will be the dying prayer of LEON.
>
> *June 18, 1838.*

Leon reread the letter for the last time and sealed it.

—Come, said he, I will excuse the six weeks which still separate me from September 15th, 1838. As he spoke, he charged the pistol, making ready to press it against his temple. For those who understand such matters, know that it is at the temple, and not into the mouth, one must fire when instant death is wished.

At the moment all was arranged for the catastrophe, the door slowly opened, giving passage to a large, pimply-faced individual, wearing a cloth jacket and white apron. This human mastodon was the proprietor of the hotel where Leon lived—if we could call it living.

The instinctive movement of Leon, a movement which few can control, was not to fire, but to conceal the pistol behind him. But this motion did not escape the vigilance of the host; who, approaching the young man, said to him, What are you about sir! and he seized both hand and pistol.

—You are going to kill yourself?

Leon admitted the fact.

—And the forty shillings you owe me?

—I have no money.

—So! You not only will not pay me, but you also wish to kill yourself in my house? That is to say you want to disgrace me and burden me with a dead body!

—Hand me that pistol.

—What for?

—You ask the question? Why, to keep you from killing yourself before you have paid me. When our accounts are square you may do what you like, but you sha'n't kill yourself here.

—Then I cannot even enjoy the luxury of death, murmured Leon, whom misery, despair, hunger, and emotion, had reduced to a state of complete dejection; and who, scarcely knowing what he did, handed his weapon to the hotel-keeper.

—After all, I owe you money, and I belong to you. Have me arrested, if it suits you.

—You are so very wretched, then?

—Yes, I am.

—Don't you know how to do anything?

—I understand all things.

—All things?

—Yes, everything—from Arabic and Greek to the manufacture of a money-saving soap. Nevertheless, I am dying of hunger.

—Zounds! these things wont feed you. And you are not the first man who has starved on them.

—I proposed to teach. I was offered twelve hundred francs a year! Twelve hundred francs for passing all my days in giving instruction to ugly, senseless, disgusting creatures, of from 8 to 12 years of age.

—What then?

—Then I translated Arabic Odes, most magnificent songs, entirely unknown in Europe, and of a character to revolutionise the literature of the North.

—Well.

—The publisher asked two thousand francs for printing my translation.

—You had to try something else?

—That's just what I did. I sought employment of the French Government. I offered to copy great pictures.

—Of course you succeeded? They say the French Government does nothing else but encourage Art.

—It proposed to give me eight hundred francs for the copy of a Velasquez, which would occupy me a year.

—Ah! That's very queer. Continue, said the host, resting his hands upon his hips, and seeming to take great interest in all he heard.

—O! It amuses you, does it?

—Very much.

And the hotel-keeper sat down; ascertaining, after some reflection, that this was a more comfortable attitude than the erect posture.

—I applied to a newspaper, resumed Leon. I offered to translate foreign news articles, and to furnish scientific essays. At the end of a month I had earned 80 francs, and received orders to drop the Sciences. The subscribers had complained of them as tiresome.

—Ah! Yes. Scientific articles are awful bores, remarked the hotel-keeper with a tremendous laugh.

—At length I collected my savings and came to England.

—You did well.

—Speaking pure English, I consented to giving lessons in French to young men. I had the misfortune to utter the word 'chemise' in the presence of a lady, the mother of one of your countrymen. On the same day I was dismissed.

—What next?

—Since then I have done nothing. I came here to board and owe you forty shillings.

—You should have been satisfied with your first situation.

—I prefer to die.

—I am content with what I get, replied the host, with a show of pride; I have been a cook for 20 years.

—I too, would, perhaps have remained content, had I not fallen in love.

—You are in love?

—Yes. And to win her I love, I must make fifty thousand francs in a year.

—While I, in twenty years, have only laid by one thousand pounds sterling! You're a fool, my dear fellow!

—In six weeks the year ends. You have now my reason for preferring death to waiting the expiration of my term of trial.

—The hotel man seemed absorbed in thought. I have an idea, cried he, suddenly.

—You!

—Yes, I. You need fifty thousand francs?

—Yes.

—If I procure you sixty thousand, will you give me ten thousand?

—Leon looked at the hotel-keeper as he might have looked at a lunatic.

—I speak seriously.

—You can procure me sixty thousand francs?

—In a month from now.

—Leon threw himself upon his host's neck. The latter repelling the familiarity, continued. Have you a good stomach?

—A first rate one; but what's the use of a stomach?

—Have you been dissipated?

—Never.

—You shall marry your sweet-heart.

—What?

—Brush up your courage, and all will go well.

—What do you mean?

—Dress yourself.

—How can I? I have no clothes but these I have on.

—Never mind, I'll lend you some. Meanwhile I'll send up the barber to trim your beard and smooth your hair. We will visit a fine gentleman, a great lord, a peer of England.

—Who will give me sixty thousand francs?

—Who will enable you to earn them, if you have a strong stomach?

—What does this mean? I cannot comprehend?

—There's no need you should. Have you a strong stomach?

—Yes, I say.

—Do you like pigeons?

—What have pigeons to do with the matter?

—Answer. Do you like pigeons?

—I adore them.

—You'll do. You will be saved and I shall make ten thousand francs. Wait awhile, I'll be back directly.

Twenty minutes after this conversation, Leon shaved, clothed in a coat four times too large for him, but decenter than any he had worn for a month, left the hotel accompanied by its owner, without having learned where he was going or what relation pigeons could possibly bear to his love, or the fifty thousand francs he needed.

IV.

Master Peters conducted him to one of the finest houses in Piccadilly.

—Is Lord Lenisdale visible, asked the hotel-keeper, while respectfully doffing his hat to the powdered lacquey, and signing to Leon to do the same.

—No, replied the servant, his Lordship is not at home.

—Be pleased to tell his Lordship that we came on account of the pigeons.

—Ah! If it is the pigeon business, come in, said the servant.

Peters winked triumphantly at Leon. All goes well, he remarked.

Leon conceived himself dreaming. The lacquey ushered the two visitors into an apartment resplendent with silk and gold, informing them, with a respect not hitherto shown, that he would inform his highness. In about ten minutes his Lordship appeared. He was a man about sixty years old, tall and slender, with white hair, and an air of distinction. He looked like a person accustomed to receiving and replying to petitions.

—My Lord, said Peters, rising (as also did Leon) and making three or four of the humblest bows, I come to introduce to your Excellency a candidate for the PIGEON PRIZE.

Lord Lenisdale looked at Leon as a naturalist might be expected to regard an unknown reptile.

—You are French, remarked Lord Lenisdale, using that language to communicate with Leon.

—Yes, my Lord, replied the latter, in English; a courtesy which pleased the son of Albion.

—And you wish to contest the Pigeon Prize?

—I am wholly ignorant of the nature of the prize, your Lordship. But fifteen minutes since, I was about to commit suicide. My landlord entered my room, and, touched with the recital of my sorrows, proposed to aid me in gaining sixty thousand francs. By what means, I am as yet ignorant.

—Your curiosity may soon be gratified, remarked the Englishman, in the grave and deliberate tone becoming important matters. There is in London a Society of which I am president. This Society wishes to clear up the obscurities of science. It offers a prize of sixty thousand francs to whosoever will for one month eat a roasted pigeon for his dinner. At first sight, this is a very easy task. But no one has yet succeeded, although many have made the attempt. The majority have stopped at the tenth pigeon; many have fallen sick at the fifteenth. Three candidates died from the twenty-second to the twenty-fifth. The prize was at first only thirty thousand francs, but the manifest difficulty of the matter caused us to double it. Do you feel disposed, Sir, to make the trial?

We shall not endeavor to depict Leon's astonishment.

—Yes sir, he replied, scarcely knowing what he said, only longing for the sixty thousand francs.

—But you furnish the pigeons, of course?

—Certainly.

—Because my means will not permit me to incur the expense.

—When will you begin?

—To-day.

—Be kind enough to tell me your name, said the Lord, sitting down and opening a book emblazoned with the English arms.

—Leon.

—Your age?

—Thirty years.

—Your profession?

—I have none. I was an employee in a ministerial office, but I resigned my position with the hope of more profit by the exercise of my talents.

—You are a scholar then?

—I received a good education.

—There is a distinguished [illegible] in our Society, Lord Borlaw.

—I have heard of him. He has made a great many mistakes in his translation of [illegible].

—There is also Lord Gastrouch, the Orientalist.

—Who committed numberless errors in his notes on the poet Sadi.

—You speak Arabic, then?

—Yes sir.

—Besides these, there is a great Archæologist, Lord Storley.

—If I had the honor of his acquaintance, I could demonstrate to him that he has several times been deceived in the dates he ascribes to Egyptian monuments.

—Do you know Lord Galby?

—The Astronomer? Yes. Well enough, by his books.

—Has he also fallen into errors?

—More than the rest. Since even I have discovered a star, with a circumference four times greater than that of the Earth, whose very existence he has not suspected. Whenever he likes, I will show it to him.

—Ah! Monsieur, you seem to know all things?

—Nearly, my Lord.

—And you also wish to learn whether you can eat thirty pigeons in a month?

—No, my Lord. I wish to earn by some means, no matter what, provided they be honest, sixty thousand francs in a month. Because, on this condition depends my marriage to the woman I love.

—Well, sir, I can do more than that for you; if you win the prize, I will also present you to the King and cause your admission into our Society.

Leon bowed his head in acknowledgment.

—We shall record you, then, of no profession?

—Yes, my Lord.

—You were born?

—In Paris.

—And you live at present?

—At the hotel of the Black Lion, Horrible Street.

—Very well; these are the articles of agreement. You shall be free to eat or drink whatever you like, every day for a month, at six o'clock, you must eat a roasted pigeon. Two of our number will be present at every meal to take notes of whatever of interest may occur. All the pigeon must be eaten. If you fail you cannot have a new trial. If you get sick, you will be allowed twenty pounds sterling to defray the expenses of your illness. Should you die, as have already three candidates, of whom I will hereafter speak, you shall be buried at the cost of our Society, and we will inscribe on your tombstone the cause of your death.

—Many thanks for such liberality, my Lord; but permit me to ask one question.

—Speak.

—Has your Society no prize to propose for the solution of some scientific problem relating to Agriculture, History, Astronomy, or the Languages?

—No, such matters do not interest us. Our supreme wish is to ascertain the capabilities of the human constitution.

—My Lord, I should greatly have preferred the exercise of my intellect to that of my stomach.

—Do you need sixty thousand francs?

—Yes, my Lord.

—Well, this is the only method of earning them; and our agreement regards the eating of thirty roasted pigeons, said the Lord, emphasizing the remark, between to-day, the 31st of July, and the 1st of next September.

—Where must I take this meal?

—Wherever you please.

—At my house, said Peters.

—Yes, replied Lord Lenisdale.

—If Monsieur succeeds, may I publish an advertisement of my establishment setting forth the extraordinary fact? asked the hotel-keeper.

—I will consult the Society about that matter.

—How good of my Lord!

—Adieu, Monsieur, continued the English peer. May you be successful. I most ardently desire it for your sake and for the sake of Science. And, as I have already stated, if you do succeed, you will have gained the King's favor and admission to the best society in London.

—Come, said Leon, retiring, accompanied by Peters, matters have come to a pretty pass. Is it worth while for a man to learn Latin, Greek, Arabic, Italian, Spanish, English, German, History, Geometry, Astronomy, Agriculture, Architecture, Philosophy, Chemistry, and Moldo-Wallachian, that he may be reduced to the abominable necessity of devouring thirty pigeons in a month, if he wishes to marry his love, or gain sixty thousand francs? O! Science, thou art but a senseless word!

V.

That evening Leon began his work.

Eight days after Lords Borlaw and Storley, who inclined to be witnesses of these dinners throughout the whole month, called at 7 o'clock P. M. on Lord Lenisdale.

—Well, said he?

—Well, he has again eaten his Pigeon.

—The whole of it?

—Every particle.

—What a fellow!

On the 15th of August his Lordship enquired, is our Pigeon-man dead yet?

—No.

—Does he still eat his Pigeon?

—He still eats his Pigeon.

—Roasted?

—Roasted.

—Without leaving a morsel?

—He picks the bones.

—Good; he has weathered the Second Period.

On the 25th he called in person on Leon, and scarcely recognised him. Our hero had eyes like a ferret's, with a raging fever.

—How do you? asked the President of the Society.

—Not very well, answered Leon.

—And you intend to persist?

—I do.

—Why, you are the Wellington of Pigeons.

—Thanks for your encouragement, my Lord.

Lord Lenisdale preferred to superintend the eight last meals himself. Leon could only accomplish them after stopping up his nostrils, so disgusted had he become with the smell of Pigeon.

Who could have believed that this proverbially appetizing flavor could ever become unpleasant?

On the 30th of August the London people thronged the door of Peters' Hotel. Leon was, with difficulty, rescued from suffering the penalties of the enthusiasm he had inspired. After choking down his last Pigeon, while almost dead with nausea, and overcome by agitation at his own success, he was forced to show himself at the window to the crowd below, which Peters had been haranguing from day to day.

Many philosophers came from Scotland to see Leon, but they were only permitted to peep at him through the key-hole, after paying a guinea each to Peters.

On the 2nd of September the Wager was won! Peters sold the coat which Leon wore, while undergoing his gastronomic torture, to an English tourist who had purchased Voltaire's 280th walking-stick. The collector of curiosities paid a hundred guineas for the coat, and would not part with it for a thousand.

On the 3d of September, 1838, the following paragraph appeared in the *Times*:

> Our readers have doubtless heard of a young Frenchman who presented himself a month since as a candidate for the Pigeon Prize proposed by Lord Lenisdale and by all the members of the Scientific Society of London. [illegible]
>
> [illegible] Adding, besides, that a second trial would be out of the question, because his sufferings during this month of Pigeons had reached a point of inexpressible anguish.

On the 15th of September, 1838, M. Leon called on M. Lebrun, whom he found in the same apartment where he had left him with Julia a year before.

—Well, said the father?

—Here are seventy-five thousand francs, said M. Leon, pulling seventy-five bank notes out of his pocket.

—Twenty-five thousand francs overplus! cried the astonished M. Lebrun; while Julia, from being pale with excitement, blushed for joy.

—Yes, replied Leon, I not only gained the necessary sum, but received presents whose sale brought me twenty-five thousand francs.

—Is it to your education you owe all this?

—Yes, muttered Leon, with a sigh, having no wish to confess the source of his fortune.

—O! exclaimed Julia, throwing herself in ecstacy on the neck of her betrothed. If we have sons we'll make scholars of them all!

—May the Devil catch me if I even have them taught to read, swore Leon—to himself.

He married Julia, and they had two children, who, despite their father's oath, are already prodigies in learning, and have entered the pathway which leads to distinction in letters.

Now that Leon no longer needs Science to live by, he has found means to employ it to advantage. He has already published his translation of Arab Songs, which has made him a name among translators, and may be had for thirty-two francs, fifty centimes. His arrangement with the publisher to share the profits, has netted him sixty-five francs.

A 'MEDIUM'-POEM.

The following poem was recited by Miss Lizzie Doten, a spiritual trance-medium, at the close of a recent lecture in Boston. She professed to give it impromptu, as far as she was concerned, and to speak under the influence of EDGAR A. POE.

From the throne of life eternal,
From the home of love supernal,
Where the angel feet make music over all the starry floor—
Mortals, I have come to meet you,
Come with words of peace to greet you,
And to tell you of the glory that is mine forever more.

Once before I found a mortal
Waiting at the heavenly portal—
Waiting but to catch some echo from that ever-opening door;
Then I seized his quickened being,
And through all his inward seeing,
Caused my burning inspiration in a fiery flood to pour.

Now I come more meekly human,
And the weak lips of a woman
Touch with fire from off the altar, not with burning as of yore;
But in holy love descending,
With her chastened being blending,
I would fill your souls with music from the bright celestial shore.

As one heart yearns for another,
As a child turns to its mother,
From the golden gates of glory turn I to the earth once more,
Where I drained the cup of sadness,
Where my soul was stung to madness,
And life's bitter, burning billows swept my burdened being o'er.

Here the harpies and the ravens,
Human vampyres—sordid cravens,
Preyed upon my soul and substance till I writhed in anguish sore;
Life and I seemed mismated,
For I felt accursed and fated,
Like a restless, wrathful spirit, wandering on the Stygian shore.

Tortured by a nameless yearning,
Like a rost-fire, freezing, burning,
Did the purple, pulsing life-tide, through its fevered channels pour,
Till the golden bowl—Life's token—
Into shining shards was broken,
And my chained and chafing spirit leapt from out its prison-door.

But while living, striving, dying,
Never did my soul cease crying,
"Ye who guide the fates and furies, give! O give me, I implore!
From the myriad hosts of nations,
From the countless constellations,
One pure spirit that can love me—one that I, too, can adore!"

Through this fervent inspiration
Found my fainting soul salvation,
For from out its blackened fire-crypts, did my quickened spirit soar;
And my beautiful ideal—
Not too saintly to be real—
Burst more brightly on my vision than the fancy-formed Lenore.

'Mid the surging seas she found me,
With the billows breaking round me,
And my saddened, sinking spirit, in her arms of love upbore;
Like a lone one, weak and weary,
Wandering in the midnight dreary,
In her sinless, saintly bosom, brought me to the heavenly shore.

Like the breath of blossoms blending,
Like the prayers of saints ascending,
Like the rainbow's seven-hued glory, blend our souls forevermore.
Earthly love and lust enslaved me,
But divinest love hath saved me,
And I know now, first and only, how to love and to adore.

O, my mortal friends and brothers,
We are each and all another's,
And the soul that gives most freely from its treasure hath the more.
Would you lose your life, you find it;
And in giving love, you bind it
Like an amulet of safety to your heart, forevermore!

—*Fitchburg Sentinel.*

A PORTRAIT.

BY WALT WHITMAN.

I knew a man,
He was a common farmer—he was the father of five sons,
And in them were the fathers of sons—and in them were the fathers of sons.
This man was of wonderful vigor, calmness, beauty of person,
The shape of his head, the richness and breadth of his manners, the pale yellow and white of his hair and beard, and the immeasurable meaning of his black eyes,
These I used to go and visit him to see—he was wise also,
He was six feet tall, he was over eighty years old—his sons were massive, clean, bearded, tan-faced, handsome,
They and his daughters loved him—all who saw him loved him,
They did not love him by allowance—they loved him with personal love;
He drank water only—the blood showed like scarlet through the clear-brown skin of his face,
He was a frequent gunner and fisher—he sailed his boat himself—he had a fine one presented to him by a ship-joiner—he had fowling-pieces, presented to him by men that loved him;
When he went with his five sons and many grandsons to hunt or fish, you would pick him out as the most beautiful and vigorous of the gang,
You would wish long and long to be with him—you would wish to sit by him in the boat, that you and he might touch each other.

I have perceived that to be with those I like is enough,
To stop in company with the rest at evening is enough,
To be surrounded by beautiful, curious, breathing, laughing flesh is enough,
To pass among them, or touch any one, or rest my arm ever so lightly round his or her neck for a moment—what is this, then?
I do not ask any more delight—I swim in it, as in a sea.

There is something in staying close to men and women, and looking on them, and in the contact and odor of them, that pleases the Soul well,
All things please the Soul—but these please the Soul well.

MY LOVE.

I.

I sent my love a song one day,
In which I sought in vain to express
My sense of her unmatched desert,
And, more, of my unworthiness;
But ah! so meanly of herself,
Though not of me, the maiden thought,
She saw no fitness in my lay,
And wonder'd why to her 'twas brought.

II.

She praised the beauty of the verse,
Declared I was a poet born,
Extoll'd, with artist-taste and skill,
The picture I had sweetly drawn;
But then she bade me look on her,
Whose only charm, she said, was youth,
And asked me, with rebuking smile,
How dared I thus outrage the truth?

III.

Yet, knowing well her modesty,
I so had toned the picture down,
So shaded her angelic face,
Which ne'er was darkened by a frown,
That I had feared to meet her eye,
When once the song to her was sent;
And when I caught her earnest gaze,
Had shrunk, all pale and penitent.

IV.

Sweet girl! so full was she of light—
The light of genius and of youth,
Her very atmosphere illumed
All things with her own grace and truth:
Were evil by, she saw it not;
For tale of ill she had no ear,
Since all to her seemed good and pure,
Save one, of whom she would not hear.

V.

And now no longer dare I sing
Of her, my Love, my dearest dream,
And robbed forever is my Muse,
Of this the one inspiring theme:
For better 'twere that all unsung
Her praises should for aye remain,
Than that a heart so gently strung
Be shocked by one unwelcome strain.

VI.

But yet while beauty still is sung,
And virtue has her sweet refrain,
And love-songs warble from the tongue
Of sighing lass or stricken swain—
So long her praises will resound,
Though angels only lisp her name,
For none can sing or grace or worth,
Who sings not my dear maiden's name.

H. C., JR.

LOVE'S YOUNG TEAM.

BY JAMES HENRY, M.D.

Of three dear maids, whose lovely faces
You'd swear were borrowed from the Graces,
Which I like best 'twere hard to say,
So perfect each one in her way.
There's Mary Anne, delightful girl!
With cheeks of roses, teeth of pearl,
Laughing blue eyes and auburn hair
And such a winning, witching air—
Poor, inexperienced heart, beware
And ere thou'rt quite caught, look elsewhere;
Look at Matilda's form and mien,
Where upon earth were lovelier seen?
Matilda's step, Matilda's voice—
Well, it's a cruel thing a choice;
Ah! could I but my heart divide
Each should of one half be the bride.
Castles in Spain! and if I could,
And if I dare, think'st thou I would,
And not keep one whole third for thee,
Sly, roguish, black-eyed Emily?
What! won't a third do? come, don't pout,
Thou shalt the whole have time about,
My whole, whole heart impartially
I'll give to each one of the three;
Each day a different queen shall reign,
Each day I'll wear a different chain;
To-morrow I'm Matilda's own,
Next day, dear Mary Anne's alone,
To-day, I'm thine, sweet Emily,
To-day, do what thou lik'st with me,
To-day, I live for only thee.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 21, 1856.

INSURANCE.

Incorporated 1823.

Seventy-Five per cent. of the net Profits divided among the Assured.

North American Fire Insurance Co.
Of the City of New York.

Cash Capital and Surplus,..............$300,000.

This Company divides, annually, Seventy-five per cent. of the net profits of the business to the Policy Holders, in Scrip bearing interest at Six per cent., and redeemable in Cash when the Assets reach the sum of FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

DIRECTORS.

James W. Otis,
Thomas Tileston,
R. M. Blatchford,
Caleb Swan,
Thomas W. Gale,
Daniel B. Fearing,
Charles Williams,
W. Whitewright,
Cornelius McCoon,
Andrew Foster,
Wyllis Blackstone,

Joshua J. Henry,
Drake Mills,
Josiah Lane,
Acton Civill,
John Auchincloss,
Oliver S. Carter,
Andrew Ritchie,
William Barton,
Oliver H. Shepard,
James B. Johnston,

R. W. BLEECKER, Secretary.
JAMES W. OTIS, President.

NEW ENGLAND LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
(PURELY MUTUAL)
OF BOSTON, Mass.
B. F. STEVENS, Secretary. WILLARD PHILLIPS, President.

Nearly Two Millions Dollars well invested to meet losses—after having paid near a Million to the widows, orphans, and creditors of the insured, and upwards of a Million in dividends, to those holding policies. A uniformly prosperous career of seventeen years has created a surplus fund of $700,000 over and above all liabilities. Last dividend 39 per cent., amounting to $334,000, all of which has been paid in cash. The success of this company is owing to economy in conducting its business, care in its risks, and prudent investments. The great and striking feature of the Mutual principle is, that it secures to the insured, a return of all over and above the actual cost; so that the party may be said to insure himself at the very lowest possible rate. This is done every five years, when the business relations of the Company are as it were for the time being closed. The surplus funds divided pro rata to all the insured. Documents of a most interesting character forwarded gratis, by mail or otherwise, upon application at the Branch Office, to JOHN HOPPER, Agent and Attorney for the Company, Metropolitan Bank Building, 110 Broadway, corner Pine street, New York city.

THE
Manhattan Fire Insurance Co.,
(INCORPORATED, 1821.)
Office No. 68 Wall Street.

CAPITAL, $250,000.

Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Vessels in Port and their Cargoes, and other property, against Loss or Damage by Fire.

DIRECTORS:

W. P. Palmer,
Rufus L. Lord,
William F. Mott,
Edwin D. Morgan,
William W. Fox,
Richard Tighe,
Peter Cooper,
Thomas Barron,
Robt. B. Minturn,
Moses Taylor,

Thos. W. Pearsall,
Henry Elsworth,
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James Colles,
Sydney Mason,
L. S. Suarez,
John Caswell,
John Steward,
John C. Green,
Eben. B. Crocker.

WILLIAM PITT PALMER, *President.*
ANDREW J. SMITH, *Secretary.*

THE BROOKLYN
Fire Insurance Company.
CHARTERED 1824.

OFFICE
16 Merchants Exchange,
NEW YORK.

OFFICE
11 COURT,
Cor. of Remsen street,
BROOKLYN.

CASH CAPITAL,..............$153,000 00
SURPLUS..............107,641 72
ASSETS..............$260,641 72

Dividends—JANUARY and JULY.

WILLIAM F. LEGGETT, Secretary.
WILLIAM ELLSWORTH, President.
CHARLES BURKHALTER, Vice President.
[illegible] } Surveyors.

INSURANCE.

THE FIREMEN'S
Fund Insurance Company
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital, $150,000.

OFFICE, 110 BROADWAY,
METROPOLITAN BANK BUILDING.

☞ ORGANIZED ON THE PLAN OF PAYING ONE-HALF OF THE PROFITS ABOVE SEVEN PER CENT. TO THE WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

This Company insures Property of all kinds against Loss or Damage by Fire, on as reasonable terms as similar Institutions.

NATHAN B. GRAHAM, President.
HENRY BEEKMAN, Secretary.
ROBT. H. McMILLAN, Ass't Sec'y.
WM. TRAVIS, Surveyor.

THE
Metropolitan Fire Insurance Co.,
108 BROADWAY,
CORNER PINE STREET.

CASH CAPITAL - - - - $300,000

This Company, having a Cash Capital exceeded by those only of four other Companies, continues to insure all kinds of Personal Property, Buildings, Ships in port and their cargoes, on terms low as are consistent with the security of the insurers and the insured.

DIRECTORS.

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President,

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Fred. H. Wolcott,
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John C. Henderson,
Lorrain Freeman,
Edward Machomber,
Watson E. Case,

Charles E. Appleby.

EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary.
ROBERT C. RATHBONE, Ass't Secretary.

JULY, 1859.
The Insured Participate in the Profits,
WITHOUT INCURRING ANY LIABILITY WHATEVER.

Continental Insurance Co.,
CITY OF NEW YORK.
OFFICE NO. 18 WALL STREET
CASH CAPITAL, - - $500,000

The attention of the community is respectfully called to the following features, in connection with this Company:

FIRST:—By insuring in this Company, the advantages of a Mutual Insurance Company are obtained, with the additional advantage afforded in the security given by an ample and reliable Cash Capital—a feature not presented by ordinary Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. The dividends to customers, already declared, are as follows:

		Pr. ct
First Annual Division to Policy Holders, declared	July 9. '57,	73
Second " " " " "	July 8. '58,	50
Third " " " " "	July 14. '59,	60

SECOND:—The security given, which is already large, will constantly increase with each year of successful operation. This is exhibited clearly in the following Statement, showing the position of the Company in each year since the new system was adopted:

July, 1856, Net Assets possessed by the Co.,	$570,363 43
" 1857, " " " "	649,719 54
" 1858, " " " "	751,908 52
" 1859, Gross Assets, " "	905,681 84
" Liabilities,	16,514 37

THIRD:—The insured incur no liability whatever, while obtaining these advantages of superior security [illegible].

FOURTH:—This Company has reserved the right to issue Policies which do not participate in the profits, and such policies will be issued to those who prefer it, at prices as LOW AS ANY COMPANY can insure, and, at the same time, present PERMANENT SECURITY to their customers.

GEORGE T. HOPE, President.
H. H. LAMPORT, Secretary.
CYRUS PECK, Ass't Secretary.

The Gebhard Fire Insurance Company.
OFFICES:
19 NASSAU STREET, AND
BULLS-HEAD BANK BUILDING,
Corner East 25th street and 3d avenue

CASH CAPITAL - - - $200,000

DIRECTORS.
William D. Waddington, President.

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Adrian Iselin,
Edward Jones,
Robert Lenox Kennedy,
Edward Burckhardt,
James W. Beekman,
N. W. Stuyvesant,
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A. McL. Agnew,
William Bloodgood,
William F. Cary, Jr.,
George A. Robbins,
Samuel L. Mitchill, Jr.,
David Jones,

Jaques Guedin,
J. P. Giraud Foster,
Edward Cooper,
E. Von der Heydt,
S. M. Beckley,
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William Schall,
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Hamilton Blydenburgh,
Josiah H. Burton,
R. L. Schieffelin.

WILLIAM D. WADDINGTON, President.
JOHN R. SMITH, Secretary.

THE HARMONY
Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Having removed to
50 Wall Street,
Continue the business of Insurance as heretofore, on the most liberal terms.
WM. CALLENDER, President.
R. O. GLOVER, Secretary.

The Resolute Fire Insurance Co.,
No. 3 Nassau street, N. Y.

CASH CAPITAL..............$200,000
WITH A LARGE SURPLUS.

First Dividend to the Assured,
JULY 1st, 1860.

This Company, at the solicitation of its numerous Patrons, and in accordance with the vote of its Directors, and with the assent of its Stockholders, will hereafter

Divide three-quarters of the net Profits to the Assured.

Those doing business with this Company will receive, annually, a large return of their Premiums.

Parties preferring a cash deduction from the Premium at the time of issuing the Policy, are entitled to that privilege.

N. B.—Inland Navigation and Transportation Risks taken at favorable rates.

C. F. UHLHORN, President.
WILLIAM M. RANDELL, Secretary.
D. D. LORD & H. DAY, Counsellors. HIRAM FUNK, Surveyor
New York, July 1st, 1859

COMMONWEALTH
Fire Insurance Company,
Office, No. 6 Wall Street, New York,
HAS A
CASH CAPITAL OF $250,000,
WITH A SURPLUS SAFELY INVESTED IN BOND AND MORTGAGE.

DIDECTORS.
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GEORGE T. HAWS, *Secretary.*
A. H. DOUGHTY, *Surveyor.*
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